

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1868.

BUYING BARGAINS.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

MR. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG considered his situation, with what calmness he could command. For he had all his clerks to seem unconcerned before, and a family at home with whom he wished to appear cheerful, and a pleasant exterior to wear towards such business acquaintances as he might encounter. Though he had nothing especially to reproach himself with, yet difficulty had overtaken him. He saw, as the business phrase is, that he was absolutely "worth nothing."

Yet he had never yet had a note or bill dishonored. His credit stood as good to-day as it had ever done. He knew that he could keep it good; but that the process of paying his debts as they fell due, and the repeated failures of his debtors to pay him, must, in the end, leave him nothing. He was even now living on his principal, for business transactions which netted any profit seemed to have ceased altogether.

The question was—should he go on in this gradually wasting process, or bring matters at once to a crisis by a call of his creditors? Or should he, with his still unimpaired credit, attempt some dashing speculation which might restore his waning fortunes, but which, on the other hand, might—he had not courage, even in thought, to finish the sentence.

The gold and stock market, with its oscillations, tempted him. There was excitement, at any rate. He had watched the eager looks, and the hurried movements of the brokers and speculators. He heard the daily stories of thousands made in a single day. But if thousands were made, somebody must have lost them. Loser and winner see each other face to face in the stock-market. The intermediate distance which divides those who gain from those who lose, is unknown there. The two parties are scarcely farther apart than the two sides of a card-table. In legitimate business

everybody may receive a profit, even to the consumer who gains by the use of that, the making and selling of which have enriched others. But in stock and gold speculations it is a bold game of win and lose.

Armstrong took up the morning paper, and conned the "money article." Very wise and sagacious such "articles" may seem to those who are versed in their occult wisdom, and consequently need no enlightenment. But they are very dark, and indefinite, and orphic, to those who know nothing, and read for information. There was not much to be made of the financial department, so he turned to the general markets. He could understand the actual quotations; but *why* this article was active and that commodity was dull, and so forth, and so forth, he could understand as little as the reporter himself could. And as to the vaticinations, whether original in the sheet before him, or collected by telegraph from both sides of the Atlantic, and from the Pacific coast, he confessed to himself that they gave him no practical hints as to particulars, and no light on the general subject. The chief facts patent to him, and for which he did not require to go to the newspapers, were that he had a heavy stock, a large store and a full force of clerks and porters, and was not making even his rent.

The formal editorial exegitations, written in the round and magniloquent style of those who know everything, as of course all editors do, helped poor Armstrong only into confusion worse confounded. He turned to something he could understand, his bank-book. Calling a clerk, he sent him with the deposit which made his account good for that day, at any rate. And then he tried to drive away the thoughts of "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

Again he returned to the newspaper. Not a

very good business sign, you will say; but what was the man to do? Customers did not disturb him, or anybody else, just at that time; and one must stay at the place of business whether there is anything to occupy him or not. He had better read the paper than do nothing. He had clerks enough to take care of the absolute idleness department of the business. It was not that they desired it; and they felt, as he did, that there were too many of them. Could he confess to poverty by discharging any of them? The question gave the employer as much anxiety as the employed. Perhaps it gave him even more.

A stranger called to inquire whether Mr. Armstrong had an upper floor to let. Mr. Armstrong pondered, and took till the next morning to consider his answer. The applicant frankly stated that he wished to reduce his expenses in the matter of rent. He wished to retire from the ground floor to an upper story. He could give good security. Deduct the interest, and he was willing to pay his rent in advance. Mr. Armstrong was almost persuaded. Why should not he reduce his expenses, too?

But the whole building had been occupied by him for several years. It had his signs upon it, from first floor to attic. His printed bill-heads were ornamented with a view of the structure, the whole of which was inferred to be hardly sufficient for his extensive business. Inferences are not always correct, as poor Armstrong now well understood. To let a part of the "Armstrong Buildings!" Would that not be equivalent to a confession of bankruptcy? Yet Armstrong knew he was no bankrupt yet, whatever might come hereafter.

To relieve himself from thought, he resumed the paper again. Having exhausted the various departments of the editors and reporters, and studied the brief and unsatisfactory news telegrams, he now turned to the interesting communications of those most valuable of all correspondents, the advertisers. "Amusements" caught his eye first, as they catch the eye of all men in trouble. The French theatres are never more crowded than in times of revolution and tumult; and the income returns of our own places of amusement seem to go up when all the real business of life goes down. Armstrong had promised his wife and daughters a night at the opera during the season. Why not tonight? It would require some twenty dollars, more or less. But what was that trifl[e], compared to the twenty or thirty hundred which he must raise during the week? Nothing at

all. It would not be missed. It was not worth counting. Men are always most ready to waste small sums when they have large demands to provide against.

Apropos to the thought, Armstrong's neighbor, Mr. Mason, came in, with the suggestion—"Armstrong, we want to make up a party for the opera this evening, 'all my little chickens and their dam.' If you will join, we can take a box to ourselves."

"Just what I was thinking myself," said Armstrong. "I will consult the wife, who will be down presently, and then let you know."

"Why not let me know at once? Say yes and I will send and secure the box. The wife will have to agree after the tickets are procured, and will 'thank you for your thoughtful kindness.' That's the way I manage things. I've said nothing to Mrs. Mason yet."

"I thought you said we?"

"Oh, that's the regal we, you know. She won't think of disputing. Or, if she does, it will only be to agree at last, after a sharp word or two about extravagance, and so forth. The women, at heart, like extravagance as well as their husbands."

William Armstrong was not so sure of that. At any rate, he would not consent to the arrangement until he had seen Mrs. Armstrong. His neighbor departed, almost angry, and wishing he had said nothing to such a "slow coach" as Armstrong. He sent for the tickets, trusting to find an alternate if Armstrong did not go. Like many men, having once thought of a trifl[e], it became to him a thing of supreme importance.

Next came in Mrs. Armstrong. She was not only "a fine figure of a woman," as Joe Gargery hath it, but the fine figure was animated by a noble heart, and crowned with a prudent head.

"I have called to take you to Chestnut street," she said. "You know we were speaking of new carpets and some articles of furniture. I have looked in at several places as I came along, and the prices are really 'panicky.' I never saw a better opportunity to spend a few hundred dollars to good advantage. Mr. Mason is out, and running up a famous bill at two or three places. I fancy her husband will stare."

"Speaking of Mason, he wishes us to join him and make up a party for the opera this evening. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him no—with regrets, of course. The expense saved will just pay for that one dear little toilet-table that we *must* have."

"Then I will settle that at once. Wait here a moment or two for me."

The alacrity with which her husband stepped out to put a close to that negotiation, and save the cost of an evening's musical entertainment, rather surprised Mrs. Armstrong. He was passionately fond of music, and never before seemed inclined to take "No" for an answer to such a proposition. The circumstance put her to thinking. As her husband returned, she said—"Perhaps you do not wish to make any purchases at present. But the prices are so low!"

"We shall lose nothing by waiting. Prices, I am sorry to say, are likely to be lower still. It is a sad indication to business men when they must 'mark down,' whatever individuals in scattered cases may gain by it."

"Suppose," said the wife, "that we do not go to Chestnut street to-day, then."

"I thought ladies liked to shop, whether they bought anything or not."

"We don't like to take gentlemen with us at such times. They are dreadfully in the way. Besides, I have had one good round at it to-day. Do you know I saw Mrs. Mason order several things at higher prices than they had been offered to me, by the same dealers?"

"Hardly fair, that. But I suppose they have had some experience before of both ladies," said Armstrong, with a little pride in himself, and more in his wife. He had no family accounts outstanding, at any rate. "Since you are so considerate," he said, "as to give up the shopping, let us look in at the Academy and the other Art galleries, and then home to dinner."

"Can you leave your business so long?"

"Have you seen anything like business this morning, here or anywhere else, except where the ladies are perplexing their husbands by ordering bargains that they do not want? My dear Kate, I would rather pay fifty per cent. more in a rising or a steady market, and could afford it better. If you can buy cheap, I must sell below cost, or not at all."

"I do believe," said Mrs. Armstrong, "that you are looking very blue to-day. Have you made your account in bank good?"

"Yes, for to-day, and I can for to-morrow."

"Very well. Come away, then, from this dull place. It's a castle of a building, and wants a garrison of customers to be cheerful."

"Do you know I have had the offer of a sub-tenant to-day?"

"Take him by all means, then, if you can afford it."

"Afford it!"

"Yes; I mean if you are sound enough to let people see that you find it prudent to retrench."

"Kate, you should have been a man; you have a capital business head."

"And what would *you* do then for a wife? And why can't a woman have common sense as well as her husband? Let us talk things over after dinner to-day. First, though, to the galleries, as you said. They are pleasanter than the opera, cost nothing, and give more satisfaction. If you wish to invest in music, throw something into the boxes of these poor organ-grinding soldiers, who have lost more by the war and its consequences than all the merchants in Market street."

The Masons went to the opera that evening. The overture was executed at home before they went out. It commenced with a storm on the part of Mrs. Mason. "How could her husband, without consulting her, take a box for that evening, when she and the girls had 'nothing to wear'?"

A hurried run to the nearest *modiste's* for forty or fifty dollars' worth of trifles, arranged that difficulty. Mrs. Mason was all smiles again. Then came the second part of the performance. A porter brought to the house an advanced specimen of Mrs. Mason's purchases, and she began volubly to talk to her husband about that and other "loves of bargains," as she dressed. He questioned her, and found that he was committed for a thousand or five hundred dollars at the very least. And then came his turn to storm. But the lady, commencing to disarray herself, declaring "she would not go out, he had spoiled her enjoyment, he might take the girls, she would go to bed," and all the rest of it, soon brought him to terms. He gulped down his trouble, and she—went with him to the opera, of course. She never had thought of doing anything else.

Her vanity was gratified to the top of its bent. She was a showy woman, and her daughters were showy girls. "Nothing to wear" was, with them, "nothing" with a very large margin. The little *coup d'état* of their mother's, before she consented to go to the opera, had added certain other airy nothings to their toilettes which they had long desired. Probably Mr. Mason was not quite comfortable. To-morrow's perplexities haunted him; and the addition of his wife's purchases (payment for bargains is due on demand) did not sweeten his temper, or encourage his hopes. Still, he might have gone through the evening with tolerable satis-

faction, but for a disagreeable apparition which met his vision. Observing a double opera glass directed at his box with deadly aim, he looked to see who should be behind it. He discovered the person whom, of all others, he least desired to meet, in that place. He knew that the man with the opera glass had counted his family, and inventoried all their ornaments. He was a Third Street gentleman, to whom he had that very day proposed a financial operation. "Who would have thought," he said, mentally, "to have seen, of all men, that old usurer here! Perhaps," he faintly hoped, "it may only make him think that I am not so badly pushed, after all." But the logic of this conclusion did not quite satisfy him. Mrs. Mason told her husband, as they retired, that if the opera soured his temper so, he had better have staid at home!

At breakfast, Mrs. Mason said, with a sneer, that on the day before she had seen Mrs. Armstrong pricing numerous articles, but she was sure she bought nothing.

"Armstrong prevented her," thought Mason. "I wish I could curb you!" And he then told his wife that Armstrong was to have been of the party at the opera, but his courage failed him.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Mason, "he is straightened for money. I hope, for all those children's sakes, that he is not going to fail!"

Oh, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Mason! You know that you did not hope any such thing! That you were jealous of your neighbor, and vexed at what you called her meanness, but what her husband esteemed as prudence, and your husband would have rejoiced to see you imitate.

As we may have some readers who do not understand "Third Street," we may say, for their enlightenment, that Third Street is to Philadelphia what Wall Street is to New York. Into this street, except for the necessary and legitimate purposes of banking and exchange, he is bold who ventures. And those are boldest who have everything to gain, and nothing to lose. Mason went to Third Street from his late breakfast, just looking in at the store as he passed. He did not wait there; for he expected nobody to call whom he desired to see. He found his friend of the opera glass indisposed for business. "Things were so shaky, that he was afraid to do any anything." The thing most "shaky" in his eyes, we suspect, was the sprig that he had seen on Mrs. Mason's head the night before.

Gold was rising. "Now's my time," said Mason, and bought, borrowing money to de-

posit with his broker. When the business day closed he found that by the steady rise, he was, nominally, the winner of a large sum. He was all right for a month. Perhaps he had entirely tided over his difficulties. Meanwhile, Mr. Armstrong's sub-tenant was moving in. The man had actually hired a part of the "Armstrong Buildings." No doubt it was because Armstrong was desperately pinched that he did not go to the opera. And Mason learned, furthermore, that Mr. Armstrong had notified his clerks that day, that they must consent to a reduction of salary, or else agree, among themselves, who should leave him at the end of the month, that those who remained might receive full payment. Taking all things into consideration, Mr. Mason notified his cashier, "If Armstrong inquires, 'anything over,' remember we have not." The cashier felt that this was a truth that he needed no prompting to remember. Nevertheless, both he and his principal were sure that with Armstrong it must be "all up!"

Everybody was not, however, so confident that Armstrong was bankrupt; for though he did persist in retrenchment, in every proper and possible direction; he met all his obligations, and made no call on Mason to inquire for any accommodation. At home his wife assisted; and he was pleased and surprised to find how far the saving of money supplied the lack of receipts. A few who did not know that he could afford to take this course, shook their heads; and resolved, like Mason, that it was not safe to lend to Armstrong. Fortunately for him he had no occasion to test their friendship.

A friend said to him one day—"Don't sacrifice your stock at falling prices. There will be a turn, before long."

"Good advice," said Armstrong; "if one could follow it."

"It is easy enough to follow," said the other. And he made it easy. He was the same person who found things too "shaky" in the case of Mason.

Meanwhile, Mason had become a dashing operator in the gold market. It was neck or nothing with him. For some time he had a splendid run of fortune. Had he withdrawn in season, all might have been well—for the present, though the taste for gold operating is a dangerous one to acquire. But he "carried his gold" a little too long. The tide ebbed. He struggled against it desperately. But he went under, at last, and took with him so much of his business capital that the disaster was complete, and the ruin final.

Armstrong had regained his feet again. He could even dare to buy at Mason's liquidation sale a selection from his stock. The last we knew of him he was insisting upon Mrs. Armstrong's making those said purchases from which she had desisted at his request. And though she declared that she had lost so much by the rise in prices, he demonstrated to her that he had made twice the amount of the whole bill by keeping in his business the money, which, taken out in "bargain times," would have been a dear bargain for him.

INSTINCTS OF SALMON.

THE salmon, when out of condition and unfit for human food, goes down to the sea. And what does he do there? Not a single human being knows what he does; but we do know, however, that he goes down a poor, miserable-looking, lean thing, but comes back a plump, fat, jolly, silver-scaled fellow. How he manages to get so fat is no business of ours; that is his look-out. We only know that he finds good food in the estuaries of rivers; and a most curious thing it is in the history of the salmon that, as the swallow returns to her own nest, the bee to its hive, or the pigeon to its own dove-cot, so the salmon always returns home to its own river, if not captured or destroyed by its numerous enemies during its journey. The best instance of this has been communicated to me by my friend, the Earl of Dunmore. He caught, on his property in the Isle of Harris, in the Hebrides, some twenty or thirty fish; these he marked and carried alive in his yacht to the opposite side of the Island, where they were turned into a lake. In the course of the same season in which they were transported, it was ascertained that some of these very fish had come back again, all the way home, a circuit of forty miles at least, all through the pathless waters of the broad Atlantic. They must, in their course, have passed the mouths of six or seven rivers, up which they did not ascend, though there was nothing in the world to prevent them. Such is one of the many instances of the wondrous power which guides salmon back to their own river. This faculty we call "instinct," a word not nearly expressive enough. I much wish some one would suggest a better. One reads that the salmon seeks fresh water to get rid of the parasitic insects—the sea lice of the fisherman. This, in my belief, is a simple accident.

I attribute this journey to a much higher cause. The ultimate object of the salmon is to get to the high waters to lay their eggs; for no salmon ever has or ever will breed in the sea, though an old act forbids pigs to be allowed to wander along the shore at certain seasons, because they eat the salmon eggs. An impulsive instinct teaches the salmon that, in order that its young should hatch and thrive, the eggs must be deposited in gravel, and the shallow, rapid and cold water must go over them. These conditions are to be found only in the upper tributaries of a river, and it seeks them accordingly. The fish, having performed its task of building its nest and laying its eggs, returns to the sea to recruit its strength.—*Leisure Hour.*

MABEL'S CURE

BY C. A. MASON.

"THE world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandame say.

Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,

Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow; and, smiling thought,
"Tis even as the good soul taught!

"And half my woes thus quickly cured
The other half may be endured."

No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world—as we, too, must—

In happy mood; and, lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view!

She made of life—as we, too, should—
A joy; and, lo! all things were good

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said "Let there be light!"

GIRL-DREAMERS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

NOBODY will deny that a girl's dreams are very different from a boy's. Storming a castle, fighting with giants, or exploring ice-continents—these are the directions that the immature masculine fancy naturally takes. The girl's reveries do not often lead her out into visions of wild and startling achievement; it is rather some lovely halo that comes and hangs itself over the rocks and woods in her near neighborhood; some new light that flashes through familiar skies; a revelation of the possible, striking out weird glories and winsome shadows from the flat and dreary common-place which is somewhere in the background or foreground of every life. If she does picture herself a *Una*, she has always her knights and defenders at hand; if a *Clorinda*, she is well supported by her warrior-comrades; if a *Christiana*, she has plenty of company with her, and some Great Heart guide for her pilgrimage. Something home-like and social hovers in the air of her dreams. If in fancy she wanders alone, the grasses nod a welcome, the clouds stoop to greet her, the green moss and the blue wave grow alive and companionable.

This of imaginative girls, of course; and dull is the feminine life that has no fair, broad dream-land for its fringe. The actual is better lived in for the overbrooding glow of fancy with which it is illumined, let practical people say what they will; only the dreamer must remember that all light is given for a purpose—to see, and to help others to see—it may be to *do*, also; but seeing is, in its way, as grand as doing. Nay, more—since true seeing is the rarer gift.

Besides, who can hinder a girl's dreams? The bright clouds were as easily banished from the hills at sunrise, or the morning mists from the rivulets of the valley. The chrysalis-woman can but feel the fluttering of her Psyche wings.

And her own little private ventures of romance are usually more harmless than those which drift to her from other sources. It is the surfeit of unreal and unwholesome fiction that destroys a true taste for life, and creates a disgust for its every-day duties. If a young girl wove all her romances for herself as she used to spin her own linen and knit her own stockings, there would not be so much harm done.

Mrs. Browning has given us many little glimpses into the dream-realm of her childhood—a childhood in which Homer took the place of the modern novel. She tells us how, at nine years of age, after a rain, the sun and she together

"Went a-rushing out of doors,
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither
In the footsteps of the showers;"

and how she pictured a buried giant in the garden, with a helmet of daffodils, and a breakfast-plate of daisies, whom she called *Hector*, son of *Priam*, dreaming on until her faith in her own fancies grew so real that she

"Started
At a motion or a sound.
Did the pulse of the strong-hearted
Make the daisies tremble round?"

She takes us, also, into her "Lost Bower," where she was led by a memory of Chaucer's rambles—a wilder and lovelier place than the child-like old poet ever saw; for he had the masculine habit of taking the exact measure of everything he passed in the Land of Faerie, and sometimes seemed more intent upon ascertaining the distance of one tree from another, in feet and inches, than listening to the birds that sang in their boughs.

Her bower of enchantment, by which she was suddenly "gladdened unaware," she found in the heart of a shaggy forest, and

"That bower appeared a marvel
In the wildness of the place,"

all woven, as it was, of ivy and eglantine, and red and white rose-bushes:—

"As I entered, mosses lurking
Stole all noises from my foot;
And a green elastic cushion,
Clasped within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence very rare and absolute."

"So, young muser, I sat listening
To my fancy's wildest word—
On a sudden, though the glistening
Leaves around a little stirred,
Came a sound, a sense of music, which was rather

felt than heard.

"Softly, finely, it inwound me,
From the world it shut me in—
Like a fountain, falling round me,
Which with silver waters thin
Cleps a little water Naiad sitting smilingly within."

"Whence the music came, who knoweth?
I know nothing."

"I rose up in exaltation,
And an inward trembling heat,
And (it seemed) in geste of passion
Dropped the music to my feet,
Like a garment rustling downwards, such a silence
followed it.

"In a child-abstraction lifted,
Straightway from the bower I passed."

And, with that passing, the bower passed away from her sight and footstep forever. The child-poet, seeking her fairy nook the next morning, found that "all had vanished, or her wandering missed the place." And searching long and far, she "never more upon it turned her mortal countenance." The sweet music, whether a fairies' chorus or the trill of some wonderful bird, never drew her within its enchantment again. How should it, when that fine blending of color and melody was but the glamour of her own imagination, the unconscious creation of her own genius, thus early asserting its power? Yet, how fully she believed in the bower is shown by the depth of her regret for its loss.

"I affirm that, since I lost it,
Never bower has seemed so fair,
Never garden-creeper crossed it
With so deft and brave an air—

Never birds sung in the summer as I saw and heard
them there.

"I have lost, oh, many a pleasure,
Many a hope, and many a power
Studios health, and merry leisure,
The first dew on the first flower!

But the first of all my losses was the losing of the
bower."

Does such dreaming leave the child richer or poorer? Hard matter-of-fact, answering from its own stand-point, answers, "Poorer," and tells us how unfitted a little girl who indulges in such flights must be for the realities of life. It is the old quarrel between the understanding and the imagination. Each judges by what it sees and is. If you take away the world of fancy and imagination from such a child, you take away all; and, moreover, rob her of a gift which came to her direct from her Creator. But fortunately it is something that one being cannot steal from another. Forbid a child to show you the fairy-world she lives in, and you only send her away from you, to live apart in her close-locked, beautiful dreams, however her hands may be employed.

And that, in this little episode of her childhood, Mrs. Browning gained an acquaintance for a life-time, we do not fail to learn before the poem closes. Years after, lying on her sick bed, she sees it again:—

"From those over-blown faint roses
Not a leaf appeareth shed,
And that little bud discloses
Not a thorn's-breadth more of red,
For the winters and the summers which have passed
me overhead.

"And that music overfloweth
Sudden sweet, the Sylvan eaves!
Thrush or nightingale, who knoweth?
Fay or Famens, who believeth?
But my heart still trembles in me, to the trembling of
the leaves.

"Is the bower lost, then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth
Through the sunshine and the frost,
And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and
utmost:

"Till another open for me
In God's Eden-land unknown,
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at His Throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing, "All is
lost—and won!"

So it is. The Good Being, who is the Soul of the Beautiful, will suffer no ray to be lost which has ever truly illuminated human life. Thanks to Him that He has made poets the almoners of His infinite hidden wealth, and that even children may live the poetry they have not learned to utter.

Jean Ingelow, whose name naturally links itself with Mrs. Browning's by poetic association, has given us a thought both like and unlike "The Lost Bower," in her "Gladys and her Island."

"Gladys" is another of the poet-children, a little assistant teacher in a boarding-school, to whom the liberty of a day's walk on the beach, alone, is an overflowing worldful of delight. There she sees a visionary island rise from the sea, crowned with two purple peaks. A woman, with a babe in her arms, and a freakish girl guide her in their shallop across to the island, which she joyfully explores.

The story is unlike the "Lost Bower," because everything in it is, in a sense, explained. The woman is Imagination; the girl, Fancy; the island-peaks are Poetry and History; and the theme of the poem is formally announced—"The Advantages of the Poetical Temperament." So far, but no farther, it is didactic. Over the island, and over Gladys and her companions, there is a constant halo of gold and purple, and through the poem the sea sparkles with that wonderful radiance so well known to the readers of Miss Ingelow's verse.

Poor little Gladys mourns over her shortcomings at school, and wishes her employers knew "how serious all her duties look to her,"

and how the wearisome routine makes her heart feel hushed and shady, like the sea, when low clouds

"Come over, and drink all its sparkles up."

But Imagination comforts her by showing her the untold wealth such natures as hers inherit. And one after another, visions of gods and wizards pass by her, and Eden and Parnassus, all in her own beautiful dream-land. There, too, she meets and talks with King Lear, and *Aenone*, and *Evangeline*, and sweet *Miranda*, in whose sea-blue eyes

"Beamed the untaught ecstasy
Of childhood, that lives on though youth be come,
And love just born."

Rich, indeed, is her little, lonely life; and rich were those scholars in their little teacher, though they were unaware of it. For it is such as she who can make dull facts real by the kindling light of actual vision, who really teach. The description of "dead old Egypt," and the wondrous spectres that came to life in the mouldy catacombs, where Gladys looked downward, and saw

"Flight after flight,
Flight after flight, the worn long stairs go down
Smooth with the feet of nations dead and gone,"

is a fine illustration of this truth.

The hot, blank sunshine of the desert is made so vivid, we feel its suffocation; still more down in the winding way among the tombs, where

"The air is dim with dust of spiced bones,"
and where, with Gladys, we murmur—

"Oh, terrible! I am afraid
To breathe among these intermittent lives."

And leaving Isis and all the "frail ancentry" behind, how fresh is the air into which we ascend!

"The light is sweet when one has smelled of graves."

For simple Gladys, and all pure child-souls like her, and all the truest among poets love the sunshine and all happy things with their heartiest love. This, indeed, is one of the best things taught in the poem—

"That though it be a grand and comely thing
To be unhappy,
Because so many grand and clever folk
Have found out reasons for unhappiness,
It is well
For us to be as happy as we can."

And Gladys goes cheerfully back to her work. Her glorious day-dream is a life-long investment to her also—something to fall back upon when things grow too monotonous again:

"For, come what will," she said, "I had to day.
There is an island."

And though Miss Ingelow calls her moral a "doubtful" one, it can scarcely be so, except from the conventional point of view, which forbids all dreams and rebukes all dreamers. Better far the romantic motto, "Be true to the dreams of thy youth." For clouds do not glide over the tree-tops, nor mists curl down among the blossoms of the river-banks in vain. They are given for a freshness about the roots of things as well as the early and the latter rain. And the dreams of girlhood have their utility also, besides that of beauty, which is "its own excuse for being."

From the first we may learn to be at peace with the world as it is, but is impossible to find therein any source of permanent satisfaction. Philosopher, poet and preacher, alike assure us of this. The young girl must learn to "do noble things, not dream them all day long." Yet how can she do them without first dreaming them? All things exist by the mind's picturing, as models, before they are wrought out into action. Life is glorious in what it is hourly developing; in what may be, as well as in that which is.

"The possible stands by us ever fresh,
Fairer than aught which any life hath owned,
And makes divine amends."

And so the girl's dreams come in, early or late, to fill up for her "the empty gaps of life." She need never sit down to bemoan herself over what might have been, because of the better things which may be; for the working out of a beautiful thought always involves the glance forward into a vision more beautiful; thus is continually fed

"A healthful hunger for the great idea,
The beauty and the blessedness of life."

IF WE KNEW."

IF we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

BY C.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY was of a sweet and amiable disposition, though naturally grave and meditative. She, like Joan of Arc, was constrained to devote her life to the good of her country, as she sincerely believed, and for the redemption of the people from a tyrant's power. The youth of Charlotte Corday (by which name she is generally known), was spent in the calm obscurity of the convent where she was educated. And in her convent solitude many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself forever from the world in her monastic retreat.

When the convent was closed, in consequence of the Revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life, and of wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark portal, into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterized her fair, oval countenance and regular features, and a mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance.

Charlotte Corday, on leaving the convent, went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There she spent a few years, watching the progress of the Revolution. She listened to the discussions which were carried on around her, but took no part in them herself. A silent reserve characterized her life. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. When she spoke it was with strange enthusiasm, and her voice had a pure, silvery sound. She spent much time in reading her Bible and in prayer. She was impressed with the idea that Heaven had called her to do some great work to deliver her

country from the tyranny under which it suffered. All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to her.

The gifted authoress, Miss Kavanagh, says—“Among the women of the French Revolution, there is one who stands essentially apart: a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed—heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means—and disappears forever; lost in the shadow of time—an unfathomed mystery. Surely Charlotte Corday was an extraordinary woman.” With the blood of old Corneille running in her veins, and possessing something of his stern and masculine love of liberty, this simple child of nature hears in her distant home that her friends, the Girondists, are proscribed, and that a hated triumvirate in Paris tramples on the feelings and liberties of the people. Full of one idea and without a single confidant, she sets out for the metropolis, procures an interview with Marat, and with one blow accomplishes her purpose, and what she vainly supposes to be the people's redemption.

The name of Marat had long filled her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror, and she ascribed to him all the woes of the Republic, not being aware that he was but the tool of Robespierre and Danton. After the assassination Charlotte did not attempt to fly, but sat down in an adjoining room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow. A crowd soon gathered in the apartment, and great was their wonder as they gazed on her. She stood there before them, so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration.

“Was she then so beautiful?” was the question addressed, many years afterwards, to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene.

“Beautiful” he exclaimed, enthusiastically; adding, with the eternal regrets of old age—“Aye, there are none such now!”

When she was led before her judges, she was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She answered all questions with firmness. She

said she had killed one man to save a hundred thousand; that she had never failed in energy, but had cast aside all selfish considerations, and sacrificed herself for her country. When she was taken to the place of execution an immense crowd filled the streets, and as her pure and serene beauty, the exquisite loveliness of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure

became visible to the multitude they were filled with pity and admiration. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified as to rouse sympathy in those who detested her crime.

Among all the appalling episodes and startling passages of the French Revolution, perhaps this event lingers longest in the memory.

MERLEWOOD CHASE. AN EPISODE OF THE MONMOUTH REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

BABY GLYN.

MAURICE WARDOUR, the young squire of Lavington, rode, one summer evening, to see his neighbors, the Glynns of Merlewood Chase.

He was one of the many admirers of Althea Glyn, his neighbor's only child, a strange, fantastic little creature, as famous for her cruelty as Barbara Allen. She did not know of his love, nor did he intend she should; for he was too proud to risk sharing the fate of her other lovers, and too humble to hope for a better.

He was going to Merlewood Chase this evening, not for any special purpose—not simply for the dangerous pleasure of seeing her—but rather because it was a time when neighborly visits were peculiarly acceptable in that part of England.

It was in the summer immediately following the Monmouth rebellion, and Judge Jeffreys was on his famous western circuit, and the Court-house at Dorchester was hung with scarlet. The fate of Lady Alice Lisle—beheaded for simply sheltering a fugitive—had sent gloom and fear through all the country; and as young Wardour rode along he saw no merry children or loitering lovers; but he saw, in more places than one where the roads crossed, a sight which sent his teeth into his lip, men hanging in chains.

It was death, instead of love, that presided that evening in the pleasant lanes, among the bird-notes, and flowers, and sweet odors.

The young man's ride was gloomy enough; but as the woods of Merlewood Chase appeared before him in their soft twilight beauty, the world beyond and all its troubles seemed very far off—vague and unreal as a dream.

As he was crossing the high road to Dor-

chester there dashed past him a horseman, at the sight of whose face Maurice Wardour's brow darkened. It was a young man, whose flaxen hair and blue eyes gave his face a certain Saxon comeliness that did not at all belong to its features, which were irregular, coarse, and mean. The youth was Althea's servant, and concerning him and his young mistress there had gone abroad certain whispers which Wardour found it as hard to forget as to believe, implying some inexplicable dread of him on her part.

The dogs in the stable-yard came jumping round him and barking joyfully; and as Wardour entered the house he was met by its gray-haired master, whom the noise of the dogs had brought forth from supper.

"What, Maurice!" cried Sir Thomas Glyn. "I am right glad to see thee, lad. There's nothing sweetens these bitter times like the sight of a friendly face."

Maurice returned his greeting with earnest, respectful warmth. In truth, he was sincerely attached to the old man, who, though an ardent sportsman himself, was about the only man in the county who understood and respected the studious and peculiar character of his young neighbor.

The dining hall of Merlewood Chase, into which Wardour now followed his host, was decorated lavishly with trophies of the hunt, and was hung at one end with arras, on which some fair ancestress of the Glynns had embroidered pictures of her husband's exploits in battle.

The supper party consisted only of the master and mistress, and Father Paul, the priest; but Wardour's eye fell instantly on Baby Glyn (as her father delighted to call her), sitting at a window in her purple riding-habit. Her hat, with its drooping scarlet feather, lay at her feet; and a noble-headed old pointer was

stretched asleep on the edge of her skirt. An unwonted fit of thoughtfulness possessed her. She allowed Maurice to stand unnoticed near her a minute or more, looking at her with a cold smile and a heart full of adoration.

The wild rose on Baby Glyn's cheek was none the less bright for appearing on a skin of tender olive brown instead of snow; and her teeth, perhaps shone with a more pearly whiteness for that very reason. The expression of her small red mouth was perfectly artless and childlike, and her glances were also simple and sudden, and free from any sort of guile, though coming from eyes of the true gazelle type—dark, soft, and full of light that seemed half dew, half fire. Her dark hair was pushed from her small but high brow, and hung in a wild mass below her waist. She rested her dimpled chin on one hand as she looked from the window, and held her beads in the other.

"Tell this for me, Althea," said Wardour, pausing and touching the bead on her finger gently.

She looked up and returned his smile with heightened color and one of her wild, sweet glances. He thought a tear was in her eye as she shook her head and answered,

"Ah! Maurice, I need them all myself."

"It is an old problem," said Wardour, half sarcastically, "that question as to how sinners dare to hope at all, since the condition of saints is so hopeless."

Baby Glyn had suddenly fallen into a listening attitude, with her finger to her lip and her head leaned sideways towards the window.

Wardour heard no sound, and wondered why she listened.

A look of disappointment came over her face, and she turned away.

"I thought it was his horse," she said.

"May I ask for whom it is you watch so anxiously?" inquired Wardour.

"For one," answered Baby Glyn, shudderingly, leaning her cheek upon her hand and closing her eyes—"for one whose delay may be death."

Before Wardour had time to recover from his surprise at her words the girl rose and looked at him eagerly.

"By-the-by, perhaps you met him, Maurice?" said she. "Which way did you come? Did you meet him—Edward, I mean? You know him, my servant Edward?"

"Yes, I know him by sight, and I did meet him," answered Wardour, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"And where was it that you met him?"

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asked Althea, her eyes raised eagerly to his face.

"Not far from the avenue gates," replied Wardour.

"On the road to—"

"On the Dorchester road. Pray, have you any more questions on the same subject to ask me, Althea?" he said sternly.

She looked at him, turned deathly pale, and shook her head with a patient smile, and sat down by the window again.

Wardour turned away, grimly, and took his place beside Father Paul at the supper-table.

Althea rose and went slowly out of the room, her dog following her, and looking from her to the others with a large, sagacious sympathy, which he seemed trying to communicate to them. She stood still at the door and looked back, Wardour saw that she was very pale and her lashes were wet.

"Come, come, lass," said her father, cheerily, "thou'rt tired to death with thy mad wanderings. Come and take a sup out of my glass, and let father Paul give thee a cut of that venison pastry."

"She fasted yesterday," explained Father Paul to Wardour.

"Come, child," said Lady Glyn, patting the chair beside her.

Althea stood and smiled on them all and answered, sadly but sweetly,

"Yes, yes; I will join you soon."

She went away, and young Wardour, yearning after her, heard the bits of dry corn and grass that clung to her habit rustling against the bright oak passage as she went.

Wardour's heart was too full of painful doubt and suppressed passion for him to be able to talk; but he listened as the others talked of the fearful doings at Dorchester, and the perils of this and that neighbor, and congratulated themselves and young Wardour on their own and his long inattention to politics.

"Though, if anything had gone wrong with you, boy," said Sir Thomas, "you have a friend on the safe side in the Duke of —."

When the old butler brought in more wine Lady Glyn inquired if that was not the chapel door she had heard being opened, and the old man told her that his young mistress had ordered lights there, and was there now by herself.

A few minutes more and Althea came in, no longer in her habit, but in one of her white festal dresses, and with a rich color and a smile on her face.

She sat down between her father and mother

with a humble, childlike air, and ate and drank with a show of appetite which Wardour could see was but a show.

He noticed that when Sir Thomas or Lady Glyn were looking another way, Althea gazed at them with a strange pathetic gaze.

Once, when there was a slight noise below, Wardour saw her set down the glass she was lifting and listen, and wait, with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes closed.

After that a fit of restlessness seized her, and she rose and went again to the window.

"Father Paul," said she, suddenly, coming and dropping on one knee between the priest and Maurice, "when I confess to you it often seems to me that you could tell me more of my sins than I can tell you. Let us have a confession to-night as to my state, but let it come from your lips. Now, tell me, in what have I sinned most deeply?"

Father Paul was somewhat taken aback; but he soon recovered his amiable dignity, and stroking Baby Glyn's drooping head, answered,

"My dear child, my belief agrees with your own confession, which, I rejoice to say, is ever humble and true. Your own will is too strong, your submission to the Divine will not sufficiently meek and trusting."

Baby Glyn felt the cold sarcastic eye of Wardour on them both.

"You think Father Paul is too indulgent with me, Maurice," said she, half turning towards him.

"I am a Protestant," answered Wardour, "and little versed in matters of confession. No doubt, Father Paul and you would look on it as a great absurdity if I placed before such great iniquities as wilfulness and impatience of temper the slight sin that changed a gallant and true gentleman into a drunken sot, and that hath turned two brothers into enemies so bitter that their friends are afraid blood will be spilled between them if they meet."

A deep silence followed these stern words of Maurice. All knew them to be true. Althea rose and stood behind his chair with her face in her hands.

"What can I do, Maurice?"

"It is suspense which causes the ill-blood betwixt the brothers; *that* you can put an end to if you choose, I suppose," answered Wardour.

"Father Paul," said Althea, "in these times we can none of us tell when we go to bed what may happen by the morning. I will write to these gentlemen to-night. May I ask you to assist me with your advice?"

Father Paul went with her to a writing-table,

and they sat for some time busily engaged, while Sir Thomas, Lady Glyn, and Wardour drew nearer round the blazing logs which, summer or winter, were always needed in the great, damp rooms of Merlewood Chase.

Baby Glyn had folded and sealed several letters and given them in the priest's charge, and was standing near the fire, with her hand on her mother's shoulder, when a noise of many shuffling, hesitating footsteps was heard in the passage.

"What is that?" said Sir Thomas, turning his jovial red face towards the door.

Just then, while all were looking in the same direction, Wardour felt a soft touch on his hand, and, glancing round, found Baby Glyn's face wet with tears, and wild with fright, between him and the chimney wainscot.

"Save me, Maurice!"

His heart caught the terror of her face. Rising, he drew her close to him, with an arm like iron.

"What is that?" demanded Sir Thomas again, and this time he rose and, striding to the door, threw it open.

A group of servants drew back confusedly.

Sir Thomas waited, and all of a sudden the women broke out sobbing and wailing.

"Come forward one of you and speak," cried their master, impatiently.

A tall, gaunt young man in spectacles, Jacob Page, the organist of the chapel approached.

"Sir," said he, in a trembling voice, "a cousin of mine has been here to tell us that Edward Sutton has this evening made a charge at Dorchester to Judge Jeffreys against our dear young lady, for aiding" — "In the escape of the Duke of Monmouth."

At these words the women servants burst out with a fresh wail of grief and fear.

Sir Thomas stood motionless.

Baby Glyn went to him, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Forgive me," she said, in a sad, firm voice, laying her cheek against his shoulder; "I could not help it. Indeed, indeed, I could do no other. He met me when I was out alone with Edward, and threw himself upon my mercy. You remember the day I came home and said my pony had thrown me and galloped out to the moors—it was then. Ever since then I have bribed Edward with money and trinkets to hold his peace. See—my rings are all gone, the wretch has had them from me one after another. To-day, after hearing about some new and more horrible case of punishment for mere incidental aid to the rebels, he grew, I

suppose, frightened for himself. Then I knew there was a Judas by my side. But they have not come—not yet, thank God! When I heard the noise I thought that Jeffreys had sent for me. Will he send to-night, think you? Father Paul! Father Paul! look to my mother!"

Lady Glyn had fainted. Althea and the priest ran to her, while Wardour went to quiet the servants.

"Sir Thomas," he said, as he closed the door, "I have ordered your horse; mine is tired, and I shall have a long ride."

"Are you going to—"

"To the Duke's—yes. If any one on this earth can move Jeffreys, it is he."

Sir Thomas clung to his hand and looked in the young man's eyes with unutterable meaning.

In five minutes more Wardour was dashing down the avenue on the best hunter in Dorsetshire.

CHAPTER II.

"IS IT LIFE OR DEATH?"

The summer moon and stars shone placidly over Merlewood Chase. It was a light that suited its ancient beauty well. Without, all was peace; within, suspense—suspense that seemed to express itself in the ticking of the clocks, the smothered footfalls, the tapers burning in the chapel.

Wardour had now been gone two hours. Sir Thomas, wearied out by terror and anxiety, sat in his arm-chair in the dining-hall in something between a trance and a doze, from which he would waken every now and then, crying out wildly to have his child spared him. Lady Glyn lay on a couch in the same room, terribly stricken; and Father Paul moved about on tip-toe, doing kind offices for both with the gentleness of a woman.

Althea was constantly in and out of the room, but she could not rest long in the same place. Now she would be soothing Sir Thomas after one of his wild dreams, and now kneeling by her mother's couch, kissing her trembling hands and administering Father Paul's nostrums. Then she would be in the servants' hall, speaking hopefully and cheerfully to them, and sending them to rest by turns. She seemed more like an angel of peace moving about the house than a being for whom they were all in such great fear.

But most of that night was passed by Althea in the old chapel, with its quaint arches, its dim lights. It was there that she went, like Jephthah's daughter to the mountains, to weep, and struggle with her agony, alone and unseen.

It was there and there only that she besought God with all the passion of her soul that this bitter cup might be taken from her lip. It was here that she taught herself the meaning of the word death—such a death as Lady Alice Lisle's. And would not her own be worse in proportion with her crime? It was there that she made her tender soul taste every imaginable torture, and try before God if it were possible to endure it. It was there that she overcame death's bitterness sufficiently to say, "If it be Thy will I, too, can die."

In another hour a messenger arrived—a servant of Wardour's, with a scrap of paper for Sir Thomas. Althea, who received it from him, looked over her father's shoulder as he read it. It ran thus:—

"All is over as far as the Duke is concerned. He can do nothing. The case is too bad, he says; it would but exasperate J., to reason with him about it. He has given me a hint about a bribe, and I now go myself to J. Neither hope nor despont too much, but have courage for her sake. I need not say trust me, for every moment of this agonizing suspense shows me how much dearer she is to me even than I ever knew of.—M. W."

Althea spent the next hour holding her father's and mother's hand, while Father Paul read prayers.

Sometimes a cruel pain ran through her as she thought, "Suppose they come for me before Maurice returns."

Hour after hour dragged on, and the darkness that preceded dawn had come. Althea left her father and mother with the priest and went softly to the kitchen. She shook hands with every one there, and told them that in case of anything happening to her there was a little gift put up in paper for each of them in her room. This set them crying afresh, and she had to do all her comforting over again. Then she said to Jacob, the organist—"Come with me to the chapel; I want you to play to me."

Jacob came with her and went up to his seat and played, and Althea knelt at the altar, wrapt in the music, raised, inspired, comforted.

At last! At last comes the long-expected sound—the tramp of horsemen's feet up the avenue. She hears the opening of doors, the hastening of many feet towards the chapel. Another instant, and she knows that Maurice is beside her. Now, indeed, she fears for her reason, in the fierce strife between hope and dread. Jacob, who, in his little seat, with his back to the chapel, can see nothing but his keys and the crimson silk, plays on steadily;

and the music is the only thing that keeps some quietness in Althea's soul.

Her outstretched hand warns Maurice not to tell her yet; but she motions him to kneel beside her.

Their arms are around each other, and her cheek rests on his. The first light of dawn is on their faces. The music is very sweet.

"Now," murmurs Baby Glyn, "I can accept either. Love, is it life or death?"

"It is life."

Jacob plays on, still unconscious of how the meaning of his anthem has changed.

* * * * *

The price at which Maurice Wardour had bought Althea's life was neither more nor less than his whole fortune. Sir Thomas, however, poor as he was, stoutly maintained his right to provide half the ransom, which he did, at the sacrifice of Merlewood Chase. He and Mistress Althea Wardour paid the deserved place a farewell visit on the last Christmas Eve before they left England for a happier and more prosperous estate in Virginia. They loved to remember it as it looked that night in its cold, desolate beauty, with the wintry moon and stars shining down on it, and its deep hollow way where they had had their last walk.

TWO WAYS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

WHY, Laura, what is the matter with you? Something's gone wrong," said Carrie Armstrong, as she tripped into the room, and found her sister-in-law doing—nothing and looking wholly discouraged.

"I'm disheartened, Carrie, that's just it. The way things go on in this house! And the more I try to keep order, the worse it is. Fred comes rushing in, flings his cap on the floor, likely as any way, and, oh dear, the noise he makes! Gertie's not much behind him; and when they're going to school, cap and hood, scarfs, mittens and books are pretty sure to be missing, and I have to hunt them up. Then by the time I get things straight, they're home again, and upset it all. And Edward, you know, Carrie, always *did* leave his things round. I've talked till I'm tired, to him and the children. I've sent Fred and Gertie out of the room half a dozen times in a day, and all I can do, it's no use. Edward gets cross and moody if I say anything, and the children get out of sorts and quarrel with one another. I told Edward something about it this morning, and he only said, 'Govern them, Laura! Manage to suit yourself—you know I don't interfere with you,' and off he went to his store."

"You do have trials of patience, Laura, I know," said Carrie. "I'm afraid I should not bear them as well as you do." But suddenly changing her tone, she surprised her sister, by asking—"You always damp your broom when you are going to sweep your parlors, don't you?"

"Of course I do. What a question, Carrie! You know, as well as I, that it is about the dirtiest, most disagreeable piece of work one can do, to sweep with a dry broom."

"Laura dear, excuse me, but if I can help you at all, it is only by a suggestion. You cannot sweep your home from faults of temper and habit, without raising more dust about you than is comfortable, unless you *damp your broom*."

Laura's cheek flushed, but in a moment her face brightened; and she answered frankly—"Thank you, Carrie; I understand you. You think I have been impatient and imperious. Well, I own I have not chosen words or tones very carefully. But I will try your suggestion."

Laura's resolution was pretty well tested before night. The children returned from school, even more noisy than usual; her husband came home tired, worried with his business, and undeniably cross; baby had lost her nap, and was in a state of nervous excitement not conducive to her own comfort or that of any one near her; and the cook had not been quite faithful to her duty. Laura was tired and irritated almost beyond endurance; but the quick and severe reproofs, the tart replies, just ready to spring from her lips, were checked by a strong effort, as she thought of the *damp broom*. She was surprised and gladdened by the effect of her gentle words, spoken in season, and sometimes even silence—the silence which is "golden." Still, it was rough sailing all day, and many a time afterwards. Sometimes Carrie's suggestion was quite forgotten, and whenever this occurred the old results followed. But Laura strove heartily, and after awhile steadily. As years passed on, cares and duties thickened in her path, but there was peace at her fireside—peace in her heart.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

[We take from a recent number of *The Northern Magazine* this fine article on Naples and Vesuvius, which will be read with particular interest at the present time, when the great historic volcano is in magnificent eruption. It is from the pen of ROBERT DALE OWEN.]

I SPENT five very pleasant years in Naples, I had had an opportunity of seeing all classes there, from the highest to the lowest. It was during the old despotism, while Ferdinand II.—sometimes called “King Bomba”—held sway.

I reached the city early in October. The day after my arrival, an English gentleman, long a resident of the city, and who had married into a family formerly intimate with mine, found me out. “My wife and I,” he said, “drive out every afternoon. Take a seat with us. Give us the privilege of showing you Naples.”

What a week was that which followed! London is unmatched, in its way; Paris is a dazzling wonder; Switzerland is a marvel of majestic beauty—I have spent months, on foot, among its mountains, in its valleys; but that first glorious week in Naples stands alone, unrivaled in my memory. Everything combined to stir the fancy and take captive the senses. The balmy, delicious climate, in itself a luxury; the clear, transparent atmosphere, through which distant objects seemed preternaturally distinct; the matchless bay, dotted with fairy islands, lying there in dreamy, glittering quiet, sharing, it seemed, the national languor in that it was stirred not even by heave of tide; then, as noble background, a lofty Apennine chain, and, more than all, and seen from almost every point of view, the purple, lava-encrusted cone of Mount Vesuvius, awaking a thousand memories, the smoke sullenly rising from its summit, a reminder of the power to destroy that slumbers beneath. All this made up a combination of natural beauty so wondrous and so varied that one felt little inclined to treat as hyperbole the encomium of a native poet, Sannazaro, when, in allusion to the city of Parthenope and its surroundings, he spoke of that region of enchantment as “*un pezzo di cielo, caduto in terra*”—a bit of heaven, dropped down upon earth. If he who has seen whatever is fairest in this world may be satisfied to depart in peace, then one can appreciate the force of the adage, “See Naples, and die!”

Nor is it inanimate beauty on which the traveller looks. This country breathes of the past. History is written over it all—over the picturesque Naples itself, with background of rock and precipitous hill, sprinkled with charming villas and surmounted by castle and monastery; over its ruins (once filled with Roman luxury and stained with Roman vice) of palace, and temple, and bath—the bath rivaling the temple in magnificence; over its tombs and its statues and its buried cities of the past. And it is history of which some of the stone leaves date back not only to the days of the Roman empire, or even to the times when Xerxes led his countless host, with Libyan war-chariots and Arabian camels, against astounded Greece, but to a period of which the records were ancient history to Nero and to Xerxes; to an epoch before Homer wrote or Achilles fought. Through a dark grotto, partially invaded by water, one is conveyed, on the back of a guide, to a stone platform; the resting-place, he is assured, of that Sybil who prophesied the destruction of Troy. The long record stretches back full three thousand years. Comparative antiquity dwindles before it, even in the eyes of the peasant who exhibits to strangers the wonders of his country. “Is it old?” I said to one of those who had guided me to a massive, venerable-looking gray pile of brick. He smiled at my ignorance and replied, with a shrug, “*No, Eccellenza, è un affare di tre quattro cent' anni.*” “Oh! no, a mere affair of three or four hundred years.” To an old man or an old horse the word *vecchio* is applied, but I had used the word *antico*—a dignified term, inapplicable except to an antiquity of one or two thousand years’ date.

Then there is not only the legendary, but the mythological; the lake of Avernus, poisonous with mephitic gases, so that birds flying across it dropped dead into its waves; the entrance, by which Ulysses descended to the regions of the dead; and, not far distant, the Elysian Fields. Agrippa connected the waters of Avernus with the sea, drained its marshes, cut down the dark forests on the Avernine hills, sacred to Hecate; and since his day the lake is like any other quiet piece of water, with no hint of infernal entrance, nor of deadly exhalations fatal to the feathered tribe. While the Roman admiral was about it, I wish he had drained the Elysian

Fields also; they seemed to me, when I visited them, to resemble some of those new town-sites in our Western country, described by Dickens, where the speculator in lots got a fair proportion of water as well as land for his money.

But I *did* witness a scene to which fancy needed to add but little to give it an unearthly character. My one great wish, when I took up my residence in Naples, was, that the capricious Vesuvius, which ever since the Christian era has been known to remain inactive throughout two or three centuries, with little sign of volcanic life, would favor the world with an eruption while I was there to see it. Nor was I disappointed. For twenty-eight successive days did the lava pour forth in one continuous stream. During twenty-eight successive nights was the country illuminated for miles around. It was not from the summit-crater that the fire-stream came, but from several small supplemental craters—*bocchi di fuola*, “fire-mouths,” as they were called—that burst out about a third of the way up the cone.

It was a little after midnight, in fine summer weather, that I first reached the spot, in company with several American friends. The lava had then been flowing for several days. We approached the largest of the craters. No words can adequately depict what we witnessed. We stood amid a crowd, looking like spectres in the unearthly light, and hushed out of their usual garrulosity by the solemnity of the scene. In front of us was a dark-gray mass of what had been liquid lava thirty-six hours before; hardened on the surface, but hot still, and showing in the fissures which seamed it, the red gleam of the yet uncooled liquid beneath. The lava-stream then flowing was just beyond it, some forty yards distant, glowing like fused metal, the heat from it reaching us where we stood. It was a steep descent down which it flowed, yet its current was sluggish, not exceeding, I judged, two miles an hour. Every few minutes there was a rumbling sound, like distant subterranean thunder, succeeded each time by a huge tongue of flame that shot up from one or other of the craters into the air, carrying with it small masses of cinders and scoria that were projected to a considerable height, and which, but for the death-like stillness of the air which suffered them to drop perpendicularly, might have fallen so close to where we stood as to be perilous; for one “fire-mouth” was but one or two hundred yards from the spot. Over all a sulphurous canopy of dense clouds, lurid with the reflection of the molten lava-stream, and occasionally lighted up more

brilliantly by the fire-gleams from the craters—rolling its heavy masses against the mountain and completely shrouding in impenetrable darkness the summit of Vesuvius. I still remembered that, as I looked upward toward that mysterious veil with a strange impulse to ascend and penetrate its gloom, there instinctively occurred to me the lines in Schiller's *Dire*, with the change of a single word:

“Da oben aber ist's furchterlich;
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht,
Und begehe nimmer und nimmer zu schauen,
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und mit Grauen!”*

I was awakened from my dream by a lady's voice, addressing me a question. Colonel and Mrs. V——, relatives of one of our deceased Presidents, were of our party, and it was Mrs. V—— who spoke:

“Do you think there would be any danger in crossing this old lava and getting to the edge of that magnificent stream beyond it?”

I replied that the guides were cautious in such matters; and as, to my inquiry, our ciccone replied that the lady risked nothing if her boots were thick-soled and her dress was not too long, I gave her my arm and we ventured. The heat struck through our boots, thick-soled as they were, and when we had proceeded about half-way across, my companion stopped:

“Don't you think there's some risk in going further?”

“Let us return, then,” I said.

But curiosity proved stronger than fear; the lady pressed forward till we were about ten yards only from the stream. Another pause, with the remark that perhaps that was near enough. But Eve's daughter was not yet satisfied. I felt a forward pressure on my arm, and in a few seconds we stood within two feet of the moving lava. I shall never forget that scene. Mrs. V—— said:

“Mr. ——, before we go, tell me, so that we may not forget it, just what that seems to you like?”

Perhaps I should never have carried away so exact an idea of the moment's impression but for this opportune question. “I could imagine,” I said, “that the interior of this vast cone was filled with melted gold to the brim, and that a portion of it had escaped through some fissure and was flowing at our feet.”

* Literally: “Up yonder it is fearful; and never more let man, tempting the gods, seek to explore what they, in their mercy, have covered with night and with horrors.”

The original applies to Charybdis, and begins, “Da unten aber,” etc.—“Down yonder,” etc.

"Precisely; that is my impression also. I wondered if it seemed the same to you."

In effect, the stream, some forty or fifty feet wide, appeared divided, in its width, into three parts: the central belt perfectly fused, exactly resembling a moving surface of burnished gold; while on each side the shallower stream coming into contact with the shore, was already a little cooled and roughened; so that it seemed more like what we call *frosted* gold.

The heat from the boiling mass was intense; but for the moment, so great was the excitement, neither my companion nor myself was fully aware of it. Though we scarcely lingered more than a minute on the edge of this Plutonian stream, neither of our faces recovered from the scorching for more than two days, the skin slightly and partially peeling off.

About half a mile further down, on the line which the lava had taken, it reached a perpendicular rock some fifteen or twenty feet high, pouring slowly over it; and I noticed that it had already so far cooled that blocks of half-hardened lava occasionally tumbled over, half retained in their fall by the thick, viscous mass in which they were imbedded.

A few days afterwards I visited, from the lower valley, the bed of the lava-stream in its last descent from the mountain. We had arranged to reach the spot as soon as it was quite dark. This I think exceeded in magnificence anything we had previously seen. The descent was a wide and nearly perpendicular pitch of some five or six hundred feet. Down this vast precipice the lava was descending, in several streams, so as to illumine the whole face of the rock; plunging below into a dark, deep basin, which it filled, overflowing its edge and then trailing its shining length through the valley by which we had ascended. Conceive one of the wildest and loftiest of Swiss waterfalls, with every accessory of mountain scenery to heighten the grandeur of the scene. Then imagine the ice-water from the Alps suddenly converted, by some magician's wand, into liquid gold, and you may faintly realize what here we saw.

A week or two later the lava-stream, accumulating in the valley and spreading out to a considerable width, had reached a point seven miles distant from the crater whence first it issued, and within a third of a mile of a village on the road to Naples, named La Cercola; the village being only three or four miles distant from that city. It advanced, an inevitable Fate. Field, orchard, olive-grove disappeared beneath it, never again to be seen while the

world endured. Cottages were swept away and buried. Trees were surrounded, scorched, and withered by the fiery mass—the charred trunks of the largest still projecting, like masts of vessels that had gone down in a tempest.

Learning that the hamlet was threatened and the inhabitants fleeing for their lives, I drove out to the spot, where crowds had gathered. The lava presented a nearly perpendicular front several hundred yards wide and some fifteen feet high, cooled down in its long course to a dark gray color and already hardening into rock. The vast mass moved forward, but so slowly that one had to stand on one side and sight to some object across on the other, to detect the onward motion. From time to time, however, the top-crust was pressed forward and toppled over, each time gaining a few feet. Human effort to arrest or divert its progress was as unavailing as would have been an attempt to check the earth in its course. Man could but witness and submit.

I never in my life saw but two earthly phenomena that impressed me with the idea of Omnipotent Power. One was the central portion of the principal fall at Niagara; the other, this gigantic lava-wall, moving like a Doom towards the affrighted village.

As I gazed on its slow, solemn advent, my attention was attracted by a strange, distant sound, as of persons in distress. I turned and saw a religious procession just issuing from La Cercola, about a quarter of a mile distant. As it approached, its object became apparent. In front was borne, on men's shoulders, an image of the patron saint of the village, brought there as an intercessor, to arrest the advancing destruction ere it reached the village. Next came a number of priests in their robes of ceremony, and behind a crowd, chiefly of women. These last did not seem to have full faith in the saintly power; for in the intervals of the prayers which the priests intoned, the women burst forth in a simultaneous wail which, coming from hundreds of voices, produced the most lugubrious chorus it was ever my lot to hear. It gave one a vivid idea of the weeping of a multitude, and of a multitude readily stirred to frantic expression either of joy or grief. Under other circumstances it might have seemed grotesque; but the absorbed earnestness of the mourners, and the terrible reality of the dangers that threatened, made the spectacle as impressive as it was unique.

As to the result, let Protestant and Catholic settle the *post hoc* and the *propter hoc* between them. The lava never advanced but a rod or

two after the interposition of the saint, and the hamlet was saved. To the heretic it will occur that the priests, watching the gradually diminishing rate of progress of the lava-stream, and judging by former examples that its course must soon terminate, timed their procession accordingly; while the wailers and other believers doubtless added this to the long list of miracles performed in attestation of the constant power of the true Church.

This was the eruption of May, 1855. Portici, so frequent a sufferer by former eruptions, was threatened, but escaped. So of the large villages of Somma and Sebastiano. I heard of no fatal accidents. During a previous eruption, (in 1850,) an American gentleman lost his life. He had ascended, without a guide, to the summit, at the time when Vesuvius was in active eruption, throwing up rocks and scoriae. Not noticing a slight breeze which prevailed at the time, he incautiously passed to the leeward side of the crater. A fragment of rock, diverted by the wind from the perpendicular, dropped on his arm, crushing it above the elbow. He lost so much blood before medical aid could be obtained, that he sank and ultimately died.

The story came to my knowledge through a guide, as he was riding with me on my first journey up the mountain. Tragical though it was, I could not help smiling at the professional moral he deduced at the close of his narration. "Ecco!" he exclaimed, turning towards me, rising in his stirrups, and throwing out his right arm with a theatrical air—"Behold the effects of ascending Vesuvius without a guide!"

Though an eruption of Mount Vesuvius such as I witnessed be a thing to be remembered through a lifetime, yet for nearly eighteen centuries nothing has occurred that approaches, in terrible sublimity and in destructive effect, that volcanic convulsion which, towards the close of the first century, overwhelmed two cities. Vesuvius, awaking in the year 79, as from a slumber of uncounted centuries, (for there is no recorded eruption before that date,) burst forth in streams of lava and dense showers of hot ashes, scorching pumice-stones, flints, and scoriae, which fell over an area of hundreds of thousands of acres. At Misenum, twenty miles from the crater, the ashes fell so thick that men had to shake them off lest they should be crushed and buried in the heap. A darkness as of midnight occurred in open day, relieved only by streams of fire from clouds so dense that they covered up the ocean with an impenetrable veil. The younger Pliny, then a resident of Misenum, fled, with his mother, into

the open country. That naturalist relates that the sea seemed rolled back on itself, as if driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth, leaving fish dead on the shore. The ground over which lay their road was agitated to such an extent that the chariots in which they proposed to travel, were constantly upset in spite of every effort to support them. Amid the pitch darkness nothing was heard but shrieks, groans, and despairing cries of parents for their children, husbands for their wives, wives for their husbands; each distinguishing others by their voices only. "One," says Pliny, "lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some addressing the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy the gods and the world together." Nearer to Vesuvius, the elder Pliny, seeking to relieve the inhabitants of Stabiae, (now Castellamare,) perished under the fiery, sulphurous rain.

But, as regards this frightful eruption, the work of destruction was, in one sense, the work of conservation also. Pompeii, covered up by showers of warm water, soft mud, red-hot scoriae and other volcanic ejections, disappeared from the earth. The very site of this city, numbering some thirty-five thousand inhabitants,* gradually faded from the memory of man. It seems almost incredible that for twelve or fifteen centuries the place where it once stood remained unknown, and was finally discovered, about the middle of the last century, by accident only. A peasant, sinking a well, in the year 1748, came upon a painted chamber containing statues and other objects of antiquity. Since then, about two-fifths of the city have been disinterred; a portion occupied, probably, at the time of its destruction, by fifteen thousand persons.

That portion of Pompeii, with its forum, its amphitheatre, several temples, its public baths, its barracks, and some forty or fifty streets, now stands, as it stood at the Christian era, open to the sky. The wooden roofs of the houses only are gone. I walked, for miles, its silent streets, narrow, lava-paved; noting the marks of the chariot-wheels, the raised stepping-stones at the crossings, the emblematic signs, in terra-cotta, over the shop-doors; the blocks or steps for mounting horses, the holes in the curb of the foot-pavement for fastening the halters.

* Some estimates put the number lower, but it is admitted that the amphitheatre was capable of accommodating ten thousand spectators.

Vesuvius had, as it were, embalmed the city, and, as we strip from the mummy its linen wrappers, so have the laborers at Pompeii gradually uncovered the long-lost dwelling-place to modern gaze. The result is something without a parallel in the world. It is the greatest victory ever gained over time. It is as if the vast chasm of eighteen departed centuries were bridged over for us. We cross, and visit the domestic haunts of men as they existed in Christ's day. We enter the *atrium* and look into the small, windowless, unventilated cells that surround it; comfortless and sordid bedrooms they seem to us. We pass into the handsomer *peristylum*, once rich with marble pillars, and gorgeous paintings, and brilliant arabesques, and exquisite mosaics, but opening on dormitories, the most spacious and handsome of which no lady accustomed to modern comforts would choose to inhabit even for a night. Rich bracelets, ear-rings, gold chains, ornamental jewelry of every description, beautiful works of art in marble and in bronze—of superfluities a lavish stock, but not one comforting fire-place was found either in the sitting or sleeping-rooms occupied by the patrician matrons of that luxurious day. The personal property is now removed to the museum; but the original excavators found cooking utensils, tripods, pots, pans, vessels in terra-cotta and in silver, for various domestic purposes; cages, but for dormice not for birds; lamps of gold, silver, and earthenware; sepulchral urns, votive offerings; fruits in vases, wines in amphore; in a surgeon's house, the instruments of his profession; in a blacksmith's, the tools of his trade; in a baker's shop were found four flour-mills of lava, sacked corn, flour in the kneading-room, seven or eight dozen loaves in the oven, and a sucking pig in a stewpan on a cooking-stove in the kitchen. A grogshop of that day (*thermopolium*, where hot drinks were sold) had announcements of festivals hung up to view, and on its marble counter are still the stains of liquor and the marks of drinking vessels. In the till of a tavern were numerous coins of silver and copper, abandoned in the terror of the moment; and on its walls the chalked score of debts, never to be paid.

Was the old world ever before brought into such intimate contact with the new?

It was with a sentiment of solemn awe that I traversed the desolate streets of this new-found city of the dead. The days I spent in exploring its marvelous sights appeared to be passed in another age and in another world than that which was busy, outside the walls of circumvallation in modern avocations. And when,

through the massive gateway, inscribed with Pelasgic characters, I returned into the nineteenth century, its every-day sights and sounds seemed to me incongruous and out of place.

But if I linger, as one is tempted to do, over recollections that can never be effaced, I shall transcend the limits of a magazine article. Let those who think it time well spent to dwell for weeks on the wonders of Rome, bear in mind that a few hours' commodious travel will enable them to inspect the greater wonders of Naples.

LEARN A TRADE.

STEPHEN GIRARD had a favorite clerk, and he always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the "governor" say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage.

"I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the millionaire; "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This piece of advice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering his equilibrium, he said, if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting-room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for \$50,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

MRS. ASHLEY'S WARDROBE.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

IT was a pleasant apartment of a very pretty residence in one of our western cities, that Edward Ashley entered, one bright winter evening, and greeted his wife of a year as tenderly as if but that day wedded. "Has it not been a dull anniversary to you, darling?"

"Not the least. See! I have thought of you all day; and here is a *souvenir* for your head and feet," and she gave him some slippers, wrought with his monogram, and a substantially bound volume of Shakspeare, that she had once heard him say he would like.

"Thank you, darling. Just the things. What a thoughtful little body it is! And here is a crisp fifty that I kept to-night, to purchase one of those velvet cloaks at Madam Durand's. But I could not decide on the color, and left them for you to choose for yourself."

"Thank you. But do you think I need a new cloak this winter?"

"Need one! What a question! to be sure you do. You need anything that any other beautiful and good woman does in our city. And you shall have it, too, so long as I can obtain it honestly."

"Do you know how much you have expended in dress for me since we were married?"

"No; why should I?"

"But I do; and it all amounts to over six hundred dollars."

"And what of that, if I can afford it? But what are you puzzling your little head for? Are you afraid I am about to appear in the bankrupt list, and that you will have to go back to your music lessons to support us?"

"Never, while you have your health. But I do want to make a proposition to you, if you will promise not to be vexed."

"I shall be, now, if you do not."

"Where did the money come from with which I purchased that book and the materials for those slippers?"

"From your husband, of course; where else should it come from?"

"Were they a gift, then, to you?"

"Why, what has come over the dear woman? Is she going to dabble in metaphysics?"

"Don't laugh at me, please, or I shall not have the courage to tell you what I wish. When I was teaching I earned but a little, it is true; but I felt that it was my very own, to do,

with as I pleased. If I denied myself a lace handkerchief, and took a lawn one instead, that I might make a wedding or birth-day gift to a friend, I had the right, as well as the pleasure of doing so."

"And what do you want to do now?" the husband said, gravely. "Not to give lessons, I hope, so that you may have a private fund of your own?"

"No; I should lose more for you, in household waste, than I could possibly gain from my pupils."

"That is so. Then what is it?"

"You will not be offended?"

"Am I ever angry with you? No."

"Will you give me the money necessary for my wardrobe, to do as I please with?"

"Why, of course I will, and be glad to escape so easily. Shall it be yearly, in advance, or in quarterly instalments?"

"As you please."

"Then say two hundred a quarter. You will need that amount, I am sure."

"Hardly, I think; but if you find me extravagant, please check me."

"No fear of that. And now will you go and select the cloak?"

"Yes, if you wish me to have it *very* much. But I shall go out so little this winter, it seems a pity to purchase a garment so expensive that will probably be out of fashion another season."

"Just as you please. The money is my gift. Use it as you like."

"Thank you. And you will not think me mercenary, or selfish," she said, pleadingly.

"As if I could think anything unkind or harsh, of my precious wife!"

Edward Ashley was the son of wealthy parents; but as there were several other children to be provided for, the father had given him but a small capital, comparatively, with which to commence business. This he had invested in dry goods, in his native city. And at the time of his marriage, at twenty-five, he was realizing a very fair income. One differently reared might, with it, have added to his capital. But Edward Ashley had never known the *worth* by not knowing the *want* of money, and had not learned to economize. Social, genial, and generous, he despised a mean or niggardly act, whether proceeding from the head or

heart. He fell in love with a beautiful and amiable girl—his sisters' music teacher—and married her, in opposition to the wishes of his family, who looked for him to make a more wealthy connection. She was an orphan, and had been cared for and educated by her brother; a man of sterling worth and fine business qualities. He was a real estate agent in the city, and of him the husband had rented the pretty dwelling to which he took his young bride. Charles Roberts had a family of his own to care for; but he furnished the residence of his darling sister, as her marriage gift, and with pride saw her installed as its mistress.

—
Five years have passed pleasantly away to Edward Ashley and his wife, since that first anniversary of their marriage. They still occupy the house they had first called *their* home; and a sunny-faced boy of four or five years makes it musical with his merry sports. More than once the husband had said—"Wouldn't you like to move this spring, Lu?"

"Oh, no!" she invariably replied. And once she said—"I am too lazy to take lessons in a new house; and I believe I could be content to live here, in our first home, as long as I do live, and Eddy! how could he ever become accustomed to another? He would certainly break his neck, or drown himself in less than a week. Let us remain here, please, just as long as ever we can?"

And on this sixth anniversary, only Charles Roberts was coming to spend the evening with them. But Mrs. Ashley seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest. She moved nervously about, placing and displacing articles, in a manner very unusual to the quiet orderly little body.

And when evening came, and brought her husband, he wondered much at her strange restlessness. His gift was a handsome ring; a ruby, surrounded by six translucent pearls.

As he placed it on her finger, he said—"Why, how cold your hands are! and how you tremble! Are you ill?"

"No, only glad. Glad that I have a loving husband, a precious child, a pleasant home, and a kind, careful brother."

"And he is here now. I should know his step among a dozen."

Her face became deathly pale as her brother entered.

"Why, Lu, what a coward you are!" were the first words he uttered. "Here, take your package, and don't let me see your nerves strung up to such a tension again!"

"I could not help it, Charles; indeed I could not."

"Well, what are you going to do with the envelope? You are a miserable actress."

She placed it in the hands of her husband, and said, in a husky voice—"It is a deed of our home, Edward."

And in the envelope was *indeed* a *deed*, properly executed, sealed and delivered; and conveying to Edward Ashley, and his heirs forever, the house in which they then were, and the ground on which it stood.

"I do not understand all this," the bewildered landholder said.

"No, but you will when your wife collects her wits enough to explain."

"I cannot, Charles. You tell him."

"Just like a woman. Has kept a secret for five years, and become so attached to it, that she cannot part with it. To begin, then, with a question. You see the place is sold for five thousand dollars?"

"Yes, I see that, by the reading."

"And you have paid it in annual payments."

"That is not so clear."

"You have paid your rent every year?"

"Yes, or I should not have kept the house."

"Exactly. Well, I found that Lu liked the house, because it was her first home, as a wife; and I knew that home to you was where she was. The first year you paid your rent, nine hundred dollars, and it went to the proprietor. Then Lu and I put our heads together and saved the rent. I had five thousand in bank—all I have saved, you know—and this I offered for the place. The owner was forced to sell, and accepted; and I came in nominal possession. Lu has kept the interest paid up, from a surplus of money allowed for her wardrobe, and a hundred a year, besides—I only charged her ten per cent.—and you have paid the rest; not in rent, but in annual payments on real estate."

"But you must have been a loser in the transaction, Charles."

"How so? I have my own back, with usury. And besides," he added, more gently, "I have helped a little—and gratified a good deal—my mother's child, as I promised her always to do, if in my power."

"But the repairs, and your per centage, as agent?"

"All right, I tell you."

"And I tell you it is all wrong. It should have been secured to her."

"To tell you the truth, Ned, I suggested that. But she would not hear a word of it; said all

she had paid was yours. You know women do not understand these things very well; and so I allowed her to have her own way, as I usually do."

"But it is hers, nevertheless; and if I fail to pay my rent in loving care and tenderness, I hope you will cause a writ of ejectment to be served on me, if she does not. And now, Madam Lu, how about the wardrobe?"

"It is abundantly supplied."

"But you like soft raiment?"

"Yes, but I like the approbation of my husband better."

"Thank you, darling; and you, too, Charles. I am not much given to fine sayings; but I do thank God there is a future for you and I!"

TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"I'VE lost my situation, Edna," and Hal Elerton came into the room where his sister was coloring photographs, and doffing his cap stood erect, as though the fact announced had a bracing rather than depressing effect.

"Why, Hal!" and a sweet face looked up in surprise, and regarded the frank, handsome countenance inquiringly.

"Yes; Hatherton has a nephew who wants something to do here in town, and the place is to be given to him. I declare, Eddy, I'm stung a little. After all I've done there, too; but never mind that! What's to be done now? that's the question."

"Doesn't Hatherton offer to procure you another situation?"

"That's not his way, you know. I shall have one before many days, however; there is enough to do in the world!" and he raised his good right arm and twirled his cap in the air. A sudden mist came to his eyes, however, big fellow though he was, and he took the nearest seat, as though strength had gone from him.

"I am all right till I think of Allie wearing her life out in the old academy, and that is too much for me," and the clear-toned voice became suddenly unsteady. "I thought I should do so well this year I should be able to persuade her to take a nice long rest, and now—"

"Never mind, Hal; Alice is living."

A startled look came into the boy's face. "Do you think her so bad, Edna?"

"To give is to live, you know," she rejoined, quickly, with a reassuring smile; "and Alice is giving largely. While we are blessed with activity of faculty we have cause for rejoicing. I hear from every quarter how much good Alice is doing the large class of girls now under her care; how her influence is felt through them in their homes—Alice is happy in her work."

"But she is doing too much. She looks so tired nights, when she comes home. She will have to stop as you did."

"One wiser than we, who has the control of circumstances, is the best judge of that!" The words were spoken as light foam crests proud billows; they were borne tenderly, yet exultantly on the low yet joyful, tones of loving faith. "Allie and I are happy; you must not be otherwise. Think how much you have done this year."

"Not much, Sis. Only enough to keep these rooms, and no treat but the two pictures which I could not resist buying."

"Ah, but, Hal, what you have *done!* That is the thing to look at. Don't you remember what father used to say, that 'one of the dear Lord's choicest blessings to a man is to use him,' and you have been able to do a great deal for the Hathertons beyond strict requirement, besides the help you have given Cousin Fred at night, with his book-beeping. It was needed help, too. Fred can ill brook such close confinement. He says your help has been a godsend. He could not have kept up without it."

"But, Edna, do you think—do you call such doing, getting along in the world?" The words came hesitatingly, and were much less in themselves than the tone and piquant doubt of facial expression, original variety of which the boy was largely endowed with. "Making one's way, you know," he supplemented, "which is a fellow's duty!" and dropping his head and pursing his lips into a comma, interrogation points radiated from very honest, wide-awake eyes.

Edna dropped the photograph she was coloring, and leaning back restfully in the high-backed chair made a very pretty picture, her pure face resting against the crimson cover, while she laughed a happy, amused laugh that

seemed to come rippling up from loving depths within.

"Hal, the sight of you does me good; that is a fact. Your comicality keeps a sense of the ludicrous alive in me! But seriously, yes. I do think that doing with one's might whatever offers to be done, independent of stipulated reward, is really getting along in the world; if not exactly in the world's way, yet in the true way. There will always be the two classes, rich and poor, you know, Hal. Only the current coin will be of different quality from that now in circulation. I think you've laid up treasure this year."

"I understand your drift; but '*just how*,' Eddy? as little Ben says when I try to show him fractions. Just amplify a bit on that text of yours about current coin. My vision is confused between the real article and the metaphorical. Which is one and which is the other? As in the poem that Duryea recites, there's contradiction. One view says—'This is the false and that is the true,' the other—'That is the false and *this* is the true.' How is it, Eddy?"

"Hal, dear, you could tell me better than I you that it is what we are, not what we have in outward possession that makes us rich here, or enables us to lay up treasure in the Beyond. Cultivation of the heart and of faculty through active use is, we know, the way to acquire the true wealth that cannot be taken from us."

There was a little silence, during which Edna used her brush.

"You have increased your capital of ability, Hal," resumed his sister. "You can execute quicker. You have confirmed yourself in habits of punctuality, and of turning readily from one duty to another. Through exercise you have by a sure law strengthened every faculty you have exerted."

"I never should have reckoned it in just that way perhaps; but I certainly have learned the business pretty thoroughly," spoke Hal, at the lengthened period.

"And you have been cultivating a habit of generosity in labor; of doing, freely and largely, whatever the moment demanded, whether it were required of you individually or not. This has really been of more value to you than the Hathertons. They have gained in temporal labor done for them; you have gained in spiritual wealth of generous habit, enlarging your whole nature. The action and reaction of this law of active use is perfectly beautiful. I wish I could put it before you just as I see it!" said Edna, looking into his listening eyes;

and the spirit that shone through the speaker's delicate features gave so radiant an expression that Hal said, mentally, that which for sound reason he could not say verbally—"I think you are perfectly beautiful!" And he made petition for a direction for "active use" on the spot, in any capacity that might be designated, from feeding sugar to little Paul Julian, who at that moment set up a low, sweet carol, to finishing her work or executing a commission down town.

"If you will kindle the fire on the hearth I'll put up my work, and we will have it bright for Alice," said the sister; and she went to the window and gazed for a moment down the broad, tree-lined street that, despite the many vehicles and pedestrians, looked gloomy enough in the chill gray of November.

Hal opened a door that led where the choice supply of fuel was kept. Big black Beppo thrust his nose in with a low whine of joy, and, as his master gathered up an armful of sticks, proceeded to extend every invitation to a frolic which canine nature is capable of.

The little wood fire was one of the few luxuries the trio allowed themselves. It was indulged in only at the hour of reunion, when the day's severest toil was over. It brightened the room which, gloomy in itself, was yet the only available one for social purposes, and the cheery flame gave ruddy light as well as warmth, sometimes almost producing an illusion of gas-light, and pleasanter far. Beppo's first ebullition had sufficiently subsided to allow him to sit in dignified posture and apparent criticism, while stick after stick was added at discretion, as the ruddy tongues of flame ventured to rise from the light kindlings below. With bright, steady eye and intelligent ear, expressing intense satisfaction, he watched till the most artistic arrangement possible had been completed, and the flames crackled their approval of the neatly swept hearth, and then, leaping simultaneously as Hal arose, the game he had waited for began.

The early twilight came on making the bright cheerfulness more apparent, and the game continued until interrupted by Alice's entrance. Edna appeared at the same moment with a pot of steaming cocoa, as one of the crowning temptations to the delicately laid table, inviting with its pure linen and shining silver—mementos of the dear old home that lived ever in the sunny country of heart remembrance.

"Not every lady has a knight in these days!" spoke Alice, as Hal sprang to take her

wrappings. "I'm glad you're early home to-night." And little Paul struck into the same key the sweet tones suggested, and gave very heart melody of song; and the flame sent out a shower of bright little sparks, and started up into new brilliancy, while Beppo wagged his tail, and gave sundry very moderate leaps, which were only "make believes" to attract attention.

Alice, who was the taller of the two, dropped a kiss on Edna's forehead as she passed her to put some books on the shelf.

"It is dreary out to-night, and, oh, so good to come into such a sweet, bright home!" she said. "I believe I have the very best brother and sister in the world; don't you, little Paul?" and she raised her face to the cage with a low chirrup on her lips, which the bird answered in prolonged, repeated notes of corresponding tone and inviting tenderness.

Hal had unfolded the evening paper, and was in the midst of the "foreign news" column, when the tea things had been restored to order; and Alice had just interrupted him by a comment, when a tap at the door announced Neighbor Litchfield, who limped and had a cough, and kept the little variety shop around the corner. No man more ready to do a kind act than he; no man more anxious to yield to all their dues in whatever department. He had come for some medicine, such as Miss Ellerton once let him have before. "He could not get it by that name at the druggist's, and it had helped Mrs. Litchfield so much he could not forbear troubling Miss Ellerton once more."

"It is of home manufacture," said Edna, "and I shall be only too glad to furnish you with a new supply whenever and as often as you require it."

"My wife said yesterday, after you called, she should not have any hesitation in asking you for it if I couldn't get it at Stearn's. She said you did not seem like a stranger, though she had never seen you before." And Neighbor Litchfield, who looked weary when he first came in, seemed to gather animation each moment from the cheerful home surroundings. "I have made up my mind to give up the shop till she is better," continued he, in reply to some inquiries from Alice, while Edna was preparing the medicine. "It troubles her to have me leave the business, but no one who has not been with her in these attacks can do for her all that needs to be done, however willing. I have left her too much, I fear; but I shut up yesterday, and shall not open doors again till she is better."

"I'll stay in your shop a few days for you," said Hal. "I'm out of a situation, and would like to do it."

Perhaps Litchfield caught the quiet surprise of Alice's look, she not yet having been apprized of the breaking up of the connection with the Hathertons.

"You're too good, sir, I'm sure," spoke Neighbor Litchfield, "to be willing to take a place in my little shop at all. I'm very thankful for your willingness. I should have tried to get some one before, but I'm not able to pay anybody even for a few days;" and a fit of coughing interrupted him. "My business is merely an experiment. My goods are mostly on commission, and I cannot incur even any small expense if it can be avoided. All the same is my obligation to you, however. You're very good, I'm sure."

"My coming to you for a bit won't be any expense to you, Mr. Litchfield. I can stay there while I am waiting for employment as well as to be doing nothing. I can be making inquiries, you know. You had better let me come."

And Mr. Litchfield, between coughing and expressing his gratefulness, neither accepted or declined, but went home feeling wonderfully warmed and strengthened in the inner man; and his brightened look was almost as good for the sick wife as the medicine, which came accompanied with a kind yet playful message from Edna regarding the mode of administering it.

"Don't you approve, Allie?" asked Hal, after telling the personal news he would not intrude on the pleasant tea and reading hour, and closing with, "I know I shall have work soon, and perhaps this is just to give an opportunity to help Litchfield. He is one of the worthiest men alive. Benton, who helps him to his goods, told me all about him. That's an awful cough he's got." And with one of his quick changes of expression, Hal shook his head ominously, and looked sympathizing.

So the next morning Mr. Litchfield had a clerk. Information and directions were asked in the most respectful manner, and had all Hal's future depended upon winning the approbation of the proprietor, the business of the day could not have been more scrupulously transacted. He made one business call that day on his own account, but the firm to which he applied were not in need of further help, and gave him no encouragement. The second day Hal was quite by himself, except an occasional customer. He knocked twice at the door

of the living room behind the shop, and each time the message was that the sufferer was no better. Litchfield looked haggard. He had scarcely slept for two nights. When Hal came down from his own dinner, he brought him delicious soup of Edna's preparing, and a message from a neighbor that she would watch that night if desired.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that Jonas Wing came in, remembering, when he was almost home, that he had promised his little girl a toy that night.

"Why, my son, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed, as Hal came forward to wait upon him.

"Keeping shop for the proprietor, sir."

"You have not left the Hathertons?"

"Yes, sir, I left them three days since."

"Why, I'd made up my mind you'd be a fixture there. Would you think it strange if a friend of your father's should ask why you left there?"

"Not at all. Fred Hagar, a nephew of Mr. Hatherton's wanted the place, and they gave it to him."

"And you are here?"

The conversation had been carried on in the intervals of the purchase, and Hal answered—"Yes, sir," suspending further words to bite off a string.

"Does it pay a young man of your capabilities?"

"Yes, sir, it pays for the time. I cannot afford to stay here longer than till I can find a situation. Mr. Litchfield has been unfortunate, and his wife is very ill; he is a neighbor of ours, and I am glad to have the privilege of helping him a bit. I am looking out for a chance for myself all the time."

"Come into my store," said Mr. Wing, of the large wholesale house of Wing, Rich & Co., and he named promptly a salary in advance of that the Hathertons had paid. "Come tomorrow, if you like; and if Mr. Low, whom you will probably see, tells you we do not want any more help, tell him you have an engagement with me."

That night when Hal went home, it was with the announcement—"Another friend of father's has turned up, Edna!"

"Is he coming here, Hal?"

It cannot be denied that there was a slight shade of anxiety on the sister's face. Within the past six months two gentlemen, strangers to them, but designating themselves friends of her father had, being in town, come and taken up an abode with them. The second had brought

his little boy with him, was himself an invalid, and Edna's kind heart could not see him suffer without taking active measures for his relief. He prolonged his stay some time after making the discovery that Hal was giving up his own bed to him and sleeping in a closet, also that Edna, whose failing health would not allow her to continue teaching, did all the work for their little household, having help only one day in the week from old Margaret. It is hoped that, under the circumstances, the reader will not form an erroneous idea of Edna's hospitality, if a slightly anxious tone was betrayed in the interrogation.

"A new kind of a friend, Eddy," rejoined Hal. "Offers me a situation, and a hundred dollars more than the Hathertons gave me. Says I can come to-morrow, but was willing I should stay and help Mr. Litchfield the week out. Mrs. Litchfield is better to-day. She sent word for me to come to the door, she wanted to thank me for bringing the geraniums you sent. She is a pleasant speaking little woman. I declare it makes me feel bad, Eddy, to have them so grateful for the little I've done. It seems as though they were not used to kindness. They have done so much for others, too. Benton told me about it."

"Hal!" spoke Edna, as he was vanishing through a door.

"Did you speak to me?"

"You did not tell me where you are going—the new friend's name."

"Did I not? It's a good name, Eddy. Jonas Wing."

"Of the firm of Wing, Rich & Co?"

"Exactly."

"Why, that is a much larger, older house than the Hathertons, even."

"It is indeed. I never should have thought of asking employment there unless I wanted the experience as initiatory to office-seeking in Washington. There is about as much red tape ceremony in one instance as in the other. Always a host of applicants."

And Alice came; and though the loss of the old situation, like all unpleasant subjects, had been banished her first recreating hours, not so the gain of the new, which was discussed with happy hopefulness, while Hal busied himself in his usual little attentions to his sisters' comfort, and Edna flitted here and there cheerfully busy with the tea arrangements.

The next morning a conversation occurred between Jonas Wing and Mr. Low.

"I have engaged a new man; a young fellow, Ellerton. Has been at Hatherton's till

within a few days. He comes Monday. Make note of it, that he does not get turned off."

"Allow me to suggest, sir, that first vacancies have been promised to—"

"That's not the point," interrupted Mr. Wing. "There is no vacancy, but I've had my eye on Ellerton some time, and I want him. Perhaps you remember that little matter I had with the Hathertons. I couldn't get it put in shape. At length I went myself. Don't think they knew me. I explained what I wanted. Pierson was out; couldn't get anything done. I noticed Ellerton overheard and paid attention to the conversation. Next time I went with the same result. They're getting very slack over there. Pierson was out again. Ellerton stepped forward; not obtrusively, however. 'I know what this gentleman wants. I can do it myself if you will trust me.' His tone spoke capability. 'Let him try,' said I. And I never saw better business capacity evinced by so young a man. He ferreted out the tangle like a lawyer, and it was not in his department, either. Used to know his father. I like his mettle. Let him come." And turning to his letters, the interview was signified to be concluded.

Saturday night came, and Edna asked Alice: "What think you Mr. Hatherton wanted with Hal to-day?"

"No trouble on foot, I hope. Hal is late tonight."

Hal was late. With the insight he had obtained into business done on a larger scale, suggestions of improvements in Mr. Litchfield's small department were constantly occurring to him; and in giving account of the week to the proprietor that night, he was able in a modest way to impart as much information as a year of experience would have given that gentleman, to whom the business was still comparatively new. And time passed while they talked. Hal sped away at last from too many thanks, while the proprietor of the variety shop entered the little living-room with praises of "that most noble young man."

"Mr. Horace Hatherton has been here to inquire for you this afternoon," said Edna, as her brother entered.

"So he told me."

"Nothing wrong, is there, Hal?" asked Edna, looking up from a pile of compositions she was correcting.

"No and yes. They want me back there. I was surprised, I assure you. I like Mr. Horace, and am sorry I cannot do as he wishes. He says it was all a mistake, my leaving them. He was absent at the time. Says Fred can

have a place if he wants, but is not ready by a year or two to take mine."

"Well?"

"He said something about seeing Mr. Wing; but they are not on very good terms just now, and I know he would not ask a favor there. My engagement was unconditional, and stands, of course, and I go to Mr. Wing Monday morning just the same." And he snapped his finger at Beppo, who accepted the challenge delightedly.

When Hal had said good-night, and little Paul Julian had made a small yellow ball of himself, with his head tucked under his wing, and only flickering light played out from the embers, the sisters sat and took counsel together as they had many a time before.

"All things work together for good, do they not, Eddy dear?" and Alice laid her cheek on the brown of Edna's hair. "The circles are too large for us to see around, or even to guess their curve, many times, but this one week of Hal's is an illustration in miniature."

"Yes," said Edna, "it is just as father used to say, 'wherever we can be of most immediate use, wherever we are most needed, lies the true life path.' And it is in activity that blesses others that a blessing for self is found. It was in Simon Litchfield's shop that the best situation in the city came and found Hal. It was in seeking another's that he found his own. It is a temporal illustration of a spiritual truth."

"And no more true in this instance of Hal's," rejoined Alice, "than where the circles are so large that, as in many lives, the rewards stretch on into eternity. If only," she added, after a little pause, "everybody would have faith, and do their duty, and just believe all will be right whatever happens." And with a peculiar childlike expression, which was characteristic, she resumed, "For the good Lord does so surely take note of everything, does so surely love every one of His children. I wish they would all believe it in their hearts, Eddy, even if the circle does sometimes reach a great way round."

It was very still there in the home room; white ashes, pure as snowflakes, gathered over the living coals; Beppo moved without the door, where he lay stretched on guard; the measured tick of the clock in the distant corner asserted itself with new distinctness. It were difficult when the last words had been spoken to have told which were the loveliest, the divine creations of Raphael, which shone out from where Hal had placed them, star-like among the shadows, or the two living faces of the sisters, so different in feature, yet alike in the soft glow of rapt faith and love.

THE HOLLANDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

THE Young Men's Lyceum laid itself out for an unusually brilliant course of lectures that winter, "the highest genius and ability of the country," the advertisement declared, "triumphantly sustaining itself by a brilliant list of names." The Walbridges did not greatly affect lectures. That could hardly be expected of people who were familiar with whatever was choicest in New York and Boston literary and operatic entertainments, and were disposed to class any talent imported to their own town with all articles of American manufacture, "of an inferior quality."

Mason Walbridge, being a public man, felt it incumbent on his position to patronize all worthy institutions and organizations in the town, and he had been relied on from the beginning as one of the staunch supporters of the lyceum, which had now attained a vigorous life.

It seemed desirable that some of the family should manifest their interest in the lectures, by an occasional attendance, although any suggestion of this kind was apt to be met by plenty of unanswerable excuses.

Jessamine, to whom a really brilliant lecture was something entirely new, was as eager for one as for "a grand party." In Duke's opinion there was no comparison between the two, and Eva took a fancy to go with her brother and her friend. She liked the excitements, and to watch the crowd of gayly dressed people just as she liked to go church on Sundays, "no matter who preached." All that Jessamine enjoyed, too, with the keen relish of novelty, but she forgot everything else when the lecture commenced. The theme was "The Flight of the Huguenots on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," and the speaker brought to this subject all his profound historical research, the splendor of his genius, and the powerful magnetism of his sympathies.

The light humming audience were fascinated by the power of the man's eloquence. The blackness of that night of persecution of men and women and little children hunted to the death, driven to the galleys, worried, and tortured for conscience's sake, swept its awful tragedy along the foreground for one moment, and all that is beautiful in faith resigna-

tion and self-sacrifice, under crudest suffering, flashes out the next; the pictures reminding one of John Knox's stories of Scottish Life in the sixteenth century, shining and quivering with laughter and with tears. It was a kind of eloquence to which Jessamine Holland had never before listened in her life, and it wrought like magic in the girl. At times the rapt audience would draw its breath and cheer the speaker, and Jessamine, who had drawn off her gloves unconsciously while she listened, brought her soft pink palms together, and clapped as eagerly, if not as audibly as any of the others. It was a pretty sight to see her, if anybody was taking notice at the time—a kind of child-like grace and downrightness, in the movement that was amusing enough.

"None of my sisters would do that," thought Eva, "but I like to see Miss Holland, any how;" and then she looked at Duke who was evidently enjoying their companion's enthusiasm.

Somebody else, too, was quietly observing the girl; a gentleman who sat on the other side of the aisle. He was past middle life, with a grizzled beard, and hair about a fine thoughtful face; if its youth was gone, there was something left which atoned for the loss; the eyes sharp and penetrating under the bushy brows. They watched Jessamine keenly now, the owner thinking to himself, in a kind of loose, disjointed fashion: "Women are so polished and artificial now-a-days, no getting to any sound core of what is in them. Like that girl, now; fresh, simple, natural as a brier-rose growing near a mountain stream." Quite a fanciful simile for an old man like you, John Wilbur, but the heart in you hasn't grown old yet, only steadier, steadier.

After that, the gentleman turned many times to look at the face of Jessamine Holland that evening. Hers followed the speaker; all its power brought out that night the light in the clear, wide brownish eyes, with depths of blue in them; the sensitive mouth with the flush and the quiver all over it; a glow on the cheeks that was not exactly color, but something better than that, a sudden smile, breaking and steadyng itself on the unsteady lips, as sunlight on a heap of fiery peach blossoms over which the wind has gone a moment before; a

smile, with the bright sweetness of a baby's; and then, the upturned face on the speaker's, the smile would be dashed out, a grieved tenderness would settle upon it, and you would need no looking to know that the eyes above them were thick with tears.

There are such faces as Jessamine Holland's in the world, but they are rare. Two such seem to shine before me while I write. I cannot think that the soul behind such a face could ever be anything but a fine, beautiful womanly soul; not that only, a nature whose birthright of all gracious gifts had been widened and deepened by culture. Yes, I repeat it, there are such faces as this of Jessamine Holland's in the world, but they are rare.

After the lecture, this strange gentleman inquired of a lady of his party, who that girl was with young Walbridge and his sister?

"A Miss Holland, who is stopping with them. It appears that her brother saved young Walbridge from drowning at the risk of his own life. It was very heroic, and the Hollands have invited the young lady to pass the winter with them. Quite an interesting face, isn't it?"

"Quite." The gentleman was disposed to be monosyllabic on this occasion, but he remembered that he had an invitation on the following evening to a large party, where, no doubt, the Walbridges would be present.

The gentleman had resolved to decline the invitation, for like most men of his age, he considered parties a bore, but he now resolved to go. There would be a chance of his meeting this Miss Holland, and he wanted to know more of her.

The next evening Jessamine Holland was presented to Mr. John Wilbur. They got on wonderfully well from the start. Jessamine always liked sensible men, and here was one, certainly a man of a good deal of culture, too, and extensive travel, and who had something to say; a polished gentleman with a little touch of courtliness in his manners, which savored slightly of the old school, although Mr. Wilbur was not an old man yet, looking at the grizzly hair, and the fine, strong face under it.

"How much better he was," Jessamine thought, "than those dainty, perfumed gentlemen who were full of their silly, vapid talk and unmeaning flatteries, which had a sickly odor to her taste, much like flowers that have stood too long in water. These sort of men seemed to have a notion that any sensible, robust talk was as foreign to a woman's tastes as it would

be to a parrot's, and so they dealt in a stock of silly compliments which were worn threadbare with long use."

But the two got on wonderfully together—Jessamine, bright, frank, earnest as she always was when anybody gave her a chance.

The lecture of the evening before proved a stepping-stone to a great deal of interesting and instructive talk. Mr. Wilbur having recently visited France, and several of the cities which had witnessed, at the close of the seventeenth century, some of the fiercest of the Huguenot persecutions, had a rare stock of information, which he had gathered there and in England regarding the fugitives; and he found it a strong pleasure to talk to this girl, who sat before him with her wide eyes on his face, her breath going and coming, with her questions as swift and as curious as any child's.

Mr. Wilbur took Jessamine out to supper, and would have offered to escort her home had not Duke arrived at the last moment. Mr. Wilbur's attentions had not escaped Mrs. Walbridge, but she kept her own counsel, only going over in her own mind all the points in the gentleman's favor. They were not a few—intelligence, family, wealth, position, everything, in short, except youth, which weighed very lightly in the scale against so many other advantages.

Many a young girl of fortune and family was taken to wife by an older and far less personally attractive man than John Wilbur. One, too, did not run those terrible risks which every mother must feel her daughter did in marrying a young man. In this case the character was shaped, the wealth and position defined, not spurs to be earned and won.

Then, rich husbands in New England, were not as thick as bees in swarming time. Any mother, who had daughters whose future settlement in life must be a source of more or less anxiety to her, must have considered all these things. A young lady in Miss Holland's position would have a rare card fall to her share if she caught John Wilbur.

So the lady reasoned; meanwhile, resolving to keep her eyes open, and visions of an elegant wedding, and Mason Walbridge giving away the bride in his usual stately fashion, floated before her as a most desirable finale to this embarrassing business of the Hollands.

After this, in one way and another, John Wilbur and Jessamine Holland were brought frequently together.

The Walbridges had a series of small dinner parties, at which Mr. Wilbur was always a

guest. The more Jessamine saw him the better she liked him. Their acquaintance grew rapidly into a certain kind of friendship. The approval of so intelligent and cultivated a man was really a great compliment to her, she told herself, with a little touch of vanity that was quite pardonable. But she had a relish for his talk. There was always something new and strong about it. He made her talk, too, grave and serious, sometimes, as a little nun, and then bringing to the surface the latent sparkle and playfulness of her nature.

She talked with Duke about the man, praising him in that natural, frank way which would have been impossible "if she had had the slightest notion of his being a lover," Mrs. Walbridge thought, who overheard the conversation.

Duke assented warmly. "Wilbur was a fine, intelligent, noble-hearted fellow," he said. "He had known him from a boy as the gentleman, and his father had some business relations at one time which had brought the families on an intimate footing. He went abroad, and his wife died there, and he had only been at home at intervals since that time."

"Love makes people keen-sighted. If Duke had any interest in Miss Holland beyond the fact of her being his friend's sister, he would have observed Wilbur's attentions to the girl, though nobody else had. She, too, has no fancy that his attraction is of a serious character, although I am well satisfied of that; but a great many matches are nipped in the bud by meddling. I will let things take their own course."

And Mrs. Walbridge fell to musing over Edith and her matters, in which just now the heart of the mother was more absorbed than in anything else. Duke was safe, she wanted to believe, and did.

Meanwhile things took their own course—a very smooth one—Mr. Wilbur and Jessamine getting on a more friendly footing all the time. She told him in one way and another many things about her past life, and talked over Ross with him to her heart's content. Mr. Wilbur had once passed a year in the East Indies, and here was another bond between the two. Jessamine was never tired of hearing about the strange, mysterious, wild, lavish life of the tropics. Its slow, hot winds, its fiery, throbbing color, seemed fairly to breath upon her as she listened, her eyes darkening, her face uplifted. Mr. Wilbur saw it all, and had his own thoughts about it, which, being a reticent man, he kept to himself.

The circle in which the Walbridges moved was quite as alive to gossip as any beneath them; but the intimacy betwixt Mr. Wilbur and Miss Holland was so far removed from anything like a flirtation, so straightforward and friendly, that nobody happened to dart on it. People who once heard fragments of their conversation, fancied they liked to talk together; and it was not singular. Miss Holland had a wonderful gift at talking, and Mr. Wilbur was a man who liked sensible women.

One evening, at a little, quiet supper party at the Walbridges, the gentleman said to Jessamine—"I have had letters from Paris, which will take me there a month earlier than I expected. I regret it very much just at this time."

"Are you really going abroad? I am very sorry to hear that, Mr. Wilbur," voice and face touched with a real regret.

The gentleman looked at her, with something in his eyes that brought a faint color into her cheeks. "I am glad to hear you say that, Miss Holland," he said, just as he had never spoken to her before.

In a moment, however, he went on to talk about the journey, and how he was going to take a trip into Wales that summer; and Jessamine listened as only those listen to whom God has given a real hunger for knowledge, growth, life; and at last, drawing a little sigh, she said, as a little child might say it—"I wish I could go, too."

The gentleman smiled on her. You felt he had a pleasant smile under that grizzled beard of his. It entered the dark, penetrating eyes, and gave them a new softness.

"I wish you could go, too, Miss Holland. What is there to prevent?"

"Oh, a great many things," answered Jessamine, thinking that after all the want of money was the chiefest obstacle in the way. "Perhaps some day my brother will come home and take me; though I never get so far as that, Mr. Wilbur. A little nest of a cottage, with Ross and me together, fills up all my world."

Jessamine thought that evening, more than once, how sorry she was Mr. Wilbur was going to leave so soon. How much she should miss him. It made her manner kinder to him than ever. Gentlemen in middle life, or a little past it, were so much more agreeable than young men, excepting Ross and Duke Walbridge, but neither of these were like other young men.

"Mamma," said Gertrude, next day, "I really believe Mr. Wilbur has taken a fancy to Miss Holland."

"What makes you think so, my daughter?"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Edith, who could not imagine that two people could fall in love with each other without a certain amount of flirting, and an atmosphere of airs and graces on the woman's side, at least. "Mr. Wilbur likes to talk with Miss Holland; but there's no more falling in love than there would be if she and papa were to have a chat together. Indeed, this is on precisely the same footing."

"But I hardly think it is," answered Gertrude, her opinion evidently a little shaken. "I watched them last night closely, and I thought Mr. Wilbur showed a sort of interest in Miss Holland which papa would not."

"In love with Miss Holland!" ejaculated Eva. "Why, Mr. Wilbur's old enough to be her father."

"Many a man who is that, marries a young woman, and makes her a most excellent husband," added Mrs. Walbridge.

"In every respect but that of years, it would be a great catch for Miss Holland," added the second daughter. "Mr. Wilbur is rich, influential, and all that."

Jessamine's entrance at the moment put an end to the discussion of Mr. Wilbur's qualifications for matrimony.

Two or three evenings later, the individual in question called. It happened that most of the family were out, the gentlemen having gone to some corporation meeting and the ladies to a concert.

It therefore fell to Jessamine's part to entertain her friend alone. Their talk went on smoothly as ever, and after awhile touched again on the gentleman's impending journey.

"You said something last evening, Miss Holland, which I liked so much that I have repeated it to myself many times since."

"You have? I cannot imagine my saying anything worth all that consideration;" her little indrawn laugh along the words, which he had come now to know, and like, too.

"It was that you wished you were going abroad also."

"Oh, I often wish *that*, Mr. Wilbur. There is such a world of novelty, and splendor, and beauty, on the other side of the sea; and yet it is quite absurd, my wishing to see it, when it is as practicable as entering in the gates of the moon."

"Are you quite certain that you do not exaggerate the difficulties in your way, Miss Holland? I, too, wish that you were going abroad."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilbur. It is very plea-

sant to have friends who wish one good things. But I do not exaggerate the difficulties that stand in my way here. If I was rich, it would be quite another thing."

John Wilbur looked at the sweet face, upturned to his. Its fine, delicate beauty had never struck him so forcibly before.

"Jessamine," he said, "I am a blunt man, and I cannot now go seeking for fine and dainty phrases into which to put my honest meaning. I wish you would let me take you with me when I go abroad—as my wife!"

She stared at the man, not comprehending what he said.

"I don't think I understood you, Mr. Wilbur," she said.

"I asked you if you would marry me?"

A blankness, then a great heat all over her face. "Why I never dreamed you thought of anything like this."

"I know you did not, my child. I was certain all the time you saw in me only a friend, who had something to say that interested and amused you. You could not easily regard a man so old and grave in the light of a lover. But, Jessamine, my heart is not old, and if you will come and nestle in it you shall find warmth and comfort there."

The heat in her face still, the brown eyes clouded with confusion and perplexity. She put her hand over them, her mouth all a-tremble.

"I—it is all so strange, so sudden," she stammered.

"Perhaps I ought to have waited and smoothed the way to a declaration of this sort," he said; "but I had rather you would take time to think. You are a sensible little girl, and I will trust your instincts to point you to the truth." And from that the man went on to speak for himself, of his boyhood and youth, of his early manhood, of the wife tenderly loved, whom he laid to sleep in a foreign land, and of the years that had followed; lonely years, with all their worldly ease and prosperity.

From this he came to speak of their future together. It was no worn, old, withered heart that he offered her. If she trusted it, she would find it tender and thoughtful for her to the last. Then he dwelt on the new life it would be his delight to open to her, a life of grace, ease, luxury, whose tale lingered in her ears like the music of fairy bells. She should have her day of life now. All that the fine, eager young soul panted for should be hers; the old world, with its wonders of Nature and its mysteries of Art,

its pictures, its sculpture, its palaces and its temples should open its doors to her. With her own eyes she should see, what she had been told as in a vision by others. They would drift from one city to another, stopping to take in slow draughts of what each had to offer. He was certain that her heart, like his, must be lonely for a friend such as he could be to her; she, with only that one brother, and the wide land, and the wider sea betwixt them. Perhaps Ross could come to them, sometime, and they could all dwell together, and be happy.

She had taken her hands from her face, now; the glistening eyes out of the paleness showed plainly enough how the words moved her. She was dazzled and confused; and through all she heard John Wilbur's voice, telling her what a tender, faithful friend he would be. Then a cloud of tears came into the soft brightness of her eyes; for, after all, this friend was what the lonely, tired little heart needed most of all.

"Will you come to me, Jessamine?" John Wilbur said, and rose up and put his hands out.

Her look went all over the man as he stood there, over his large, shapely figure; over the fine, strong face; over the grizzled hair and beard. He offered her everything after which her youth had gone thirsting, to cisterns which held no water. The future spread before her; the glittering slopes of the years—the gold and the purple. Then, the friend who stood there, generous, manly, noble, with his magician's wand. She did not mind if his years more than doubled her own. Was not this what she wanted—a heart steadfast and strong against which hers could lean its youth and weakness? Had not God sent him?

Her breath came in quick, hot gasps; she half rose, her limbs trembled.

"Can you not trust me, my little friend? can you not give your heart to me?"

Her heart; yes, he would want that. She had no right to take his without giving hers in turn. She drew a long breath. "I ought to love you a great deal—better, even, than Ross, and—and—"

"I will not press you, child, for an answer. Let me come to-morrow or next day. I should want your heart—I should not dare urge you to come to me without you could give me that; but young girls do not always understand. That might come in time, you know."

"In time—yes," she said, doubtfully, as though it had not come yet; the face looking at him full of pain and perplexity. Then she caught eagerly at his promise to wait.

"It had come so suddenly," she stammered, again. "He must not be offended with her. As a friend—he was very dear to her; and for the rest, only give her time, and she would deal truly with him."

"No airs nor vanities of any sort," he noticed; but a trouble in her face that unbent it like a child's. Yet it was her first offer, and despite the difference of their years, one that she might be proud of.

She put up her hand, now, in a tired, fluttering sort of way, to her forehead, the gesture showing, more than all which had gone before, how deeply she was moved.

Then she held out both hands towards him; her eyes were darkened with tears. "When a man offers a woman all you have me to-night, it seems like an insult to thank him. Ah, my friend, you have made me feel humbler than I ever did in my life before."

"I had rather hear you say you felt proud and glad, my child," taking the hands, and hiding them away in his warm ones. "But it is an honest little heart. I can trust it. Whatever its answer is, it will be true to itself—to me, also." And he went away.

Jessamine was tired in every nerve of her body. She could not think now; and she went up stairs, only adding to the prayer which Ross and she used to make together at nightfall, and which she always said to herself in any time of joy, or trouble, or perplexity, because it seemed to bring the fresh child-heart into her again, only adding to that a prayer that God would show her the way which was best and wisest for herself and for *him*, also; and then she laid her head on her pillow, and fell into a sleep that was like the sound, sweet slumber of her childhood.

The next morning, Jessamine woke up with a vague feeling that a great crisis of her fate was at hand. In a few moments all that had passed the night before cleared itself to her memory.

"John Wilbur's wife!" she said the words over once or twice to herself, before she rose, trying how they sounded, with a little smile and blush; but there was no thrill in her pulses, no transport at her heart.

She thought of all this man had offered her—home, wealth, luxury, tenderness—all that her youth had pined for. She felt unutterably grateful to him. How beautiful that new life which he had promised, looked to her—like a fair country into which her soul could go and take possession, saying to itself—"No more loneliness and poverty, nor longing."

"But did she love this man! That was the vital question," moving her limbs restlessly. He must have her heart—his words coming back—"he would not dare to urge her to come without that." He ought to be first and dearest; and John Wilbur could never be that to her; never be what Ross was; and she had a vague prescience that her heart held some depth of tenderness and devotion which even Ross had never sounded.

Yet she liked Mr. Wilbur very, very much; liked to be near him, to hear him talk. It would be a very delightful thing to go all over the world with him, to see everything that was worth seeing; and, after all, would she ever find anybody else whom she could care for more than she did for this man, who never bored her, whose presence was always agreeable to her.

Jessamine dressed herself that morning with a great doubt in her soul. Mrs. Walbridge watched the girl narrowly at breakfast. The lady was keen-sighted in matters of this sort, and Eva had told her that Mr. Wilbur had been there the evening before, and there had been nobody but Miss Holland to entertain him, as the family were out; and Eva had been occupied with her lessons. Miss Holland had gone up stairs almost immediately after Mr. Wilbur left, saying she felt tired.

"How long did he stay, dear?" while the girls were chattering like magpies over the concert, and paid no heed to what Eva was saying.

"I don't know precisely; but it might have been a couple of hours; at any rate, a good while."

Mrs. Walbridge said no more; but she put Eva's tidings with some observations and suspicions of her own, and the joints fitted nicely. The lady's keen scrutiny of Jessamine confirmed her impressions. The girl was restless and abstracted. Mrs. Walbridge felt that Jessamine's youth and inexperience needed a friend, now—all young girls did at such junctures in their lives, and the lady had no doubt of being fully qualified to act the part of judicious confidant and adviser at this time. She had never felt quite so friendly towards Jessamine Holland as she did that morning. She recalled the fact that here was a young, motherless girl under her roof, who had now to decide the most important question of a woman's life.

Of course Mrs. Walbridge could not offer her advice unsolicited, and Jessamine might shrink from a disclosure of her secret; but the lady

would watch her time, and make the way easy for the girl. There was a severe snow-fall that morning, which kept them all in-doors. It was a day for warm, cosey home-nestling in corners and groups; one of those days which bring to the surface of household talk many a hidden sympathy, feeling, conviction, that has never seen the light before.

Everything aided Mrs. Walbridge's purpose. The girls brought their books, drawings, and pretty attempts at sewing into a corner. Some gossip about engagements started the conversation, and Mrs. Walbridge availed herself of this to make some general statements about love as young girls fancy it, which sounded very sensibly, and might fit the case in point. She was not mistaken; Jessamine put down her sewing, and turned towards the lady with a half suppressed eagerness in her face.

Edith, however, was not done with the gossip. She went on, heedless of her mother's remarks, "She has had so many offers, and to my mind, she has taken up with the poorest of the lot."

The elegant Edith sometimes seasoned her remarks with a little coarseness which surprised Jessamine.

The girl turned a surprised face on the speaker. "How very unpleasant it must be for the lady to feel the world knows all about the offers."

Edith's light, sceptical laugh answered with her words—"I don't think the lady would be at all distressed over that fact, as she has confided each offer to hosts of her friends."

Jessamine's face flushed indignantly. "I should think it most dishonorable to betray a man's confidence in that way."

"Those things, of course, are not to be made public," answered Mrs. Walbridge. "But all young ladies at such times, need the counsel of some friend, of wider knowledge and experience than themselves; and if they do not choose wisely, the whole thing is very likely to be made common gossip."

"But, mamma, I thought young ladies told their offers, and had a great deal of pride in it. I know some who do, anyhow," with a significant glance in the direction of her elder sisters.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Walbridge, with unusual severity, "it is better for little girls never to talk upon matters about which they know nothing."

Jessamine's look had turned on the lady a moment, and rested there. The lonely, perplexed heart within her needed some friend maturer and wiser than itself to trust in this great strait. She thought of Hannah Bray,

with her strong native sense and warm, motherly heart, and wished she could go and lay down her head on the coarse gingham apron, and tell her story, sure of getting up steadier and clearer at the end. There was a motherless pain in the girl's heart at that moment.

There sat the lady with her mild, pleasant face, and her modulated tones. She was certain that Mrs. Walbridge would listen kindly and interestedly to all Jessamine might say.

But a little shiver came over the girl as she looked. There was something which she wanted that was not in this woman to give. She could hardly define what, but she felt it; something homely, real, tender. Jessamine drew a long breath. Wherever the truth lay, she must seek it for herself, alone.

Mrs. Walbridge had seen the look, and fancied she divined its meaning. In a few moments she rose and went into the conservatory, and her voice presently came back. "Wont you do me the favor to walk in here, Miss Jessamine, I want to show you how the orange trees have blossomed within a few days."

Of course, Jessamine went.

There was something a little unusual in the bland kindness of Mrs. Walbridge's manner, while the two were in the conservatory together that morning.

As the girl stood there, in the midst of all the color and fragrance that made a bit of hot midsummer in the heart of the stormy winter day, the lady said, with her pleasantest smile, pointing to the clusters of snowy blossoms among the dark burnished green of the leaves.

"You know the tradition of orange flowers, my dear. For myself, I must own, I have an affection for them on that account, and I never see a heap of these in full bloom, without feeling an impulse at my fingers' ends to twine them into a bridal wreath, fancying, too, some fair, young face, all smiles and blushes beneath them. Some day, my dear Miss Jessamine, I hope I shall have the pleasure of twining one for 'these,'" and she actually touched the soft hair with her fingers.

Certainly, this was "opening the door" with a tact worthy of Mrs. Walbridge. Jessamine glanced up at the lady again, some feeling flushing and stirring her face.

She was on the very point of speaking, but something held the words back, for which Mrs. Walbridge, seeing the movement, stood confidently waiting.

Jessamine half drew and smothered a sigh. It seemed as though her words were stubborn

and would not come though she wanted them. They would have come quick enough to Hannah Bray, though.

Mrs. Walbridge was a good deal chagrined, when, after a little further talk over the flowers, Miss Holland went up to her room.

"I thought she certainly would speak, then," said the lady to herself. "She seemed on the very point of it, too. What could have held her back? If, after all, she should let John Wilbur slip, what a golden chance she would lose. I wanted to tell her this, but one could hardly venture so far as that without the slightest encouragement. There is doubt at work in her mind, I see; probably his age, or some romantic notion about love, which young girls are very apt to have. I hope she will act wisely for herself in this case, for, of course, it is her own interest solely, that I regard."

Meanwhile the object of Mrs. Walbridge's solicitude was walking up and down her room, her hands behind her, as had been her habit from her childhood, when in any trouble or perplexity, a habit which sat with such a quaint, odd air on the small figure, that it had been vastly amusing to older people.

Jessamine heard the crying of the winds outside, and sometimes she went and looked out through the thick driving of the snow, and up to the gray solid mass of cloud overhead, a sweet, troubled, delicate face at the window-pane; the girl thinking how, under all the blasts and cold, and darkness, lay waiting the wonderful Eden of summer—the green leaves, the slipping of streams among the hill-sides, the springing of grass, the glory of flowers, the singing of the birds through the golden air. If all that could afford to wait God's time, so could she; neither storm nor darkness should chill her.

Under the drifting of these thoughts was another, not coming and going, but asking her soul all the time: "Jessamine Holland, are you going to marry this man, John Wilbur?"

She turned and faced it now, resuming her walk, her soft palms locked together behind her.

Did she love him? She began to see that her fate hinged on that point—that respect, friendliness, trust even, were not that other thing.

She did not love that man as she loved Ross; never could. If that brother of hers should come to her without a friend or a dollar, forgotten and forsaken of all men and women, her hungry heart would still cling to him out of all the world, holding him crowned, beloved and precious.

But strip John Wilbur of all the world gave him—wealth, position, influence—and what would he be to her? A friend whose character she might honor, whose sorrows she might pity; but beyond that—nothing. Why was it, then, that the prospect of being John Wilbur's wife had in it something very pleasant? Because, and solely because he could give her what her soul and senses craved—wealth, luxury, ease. For these things she would marry him, and not for himself. Her way began to clear now. For these things—these flesh-pots of Egypt—she had no right to sell herself. It was giving up, it is true, something that only God and her own soul knew how much she hungered for; once the old life at Hannah Bray's rose, in all its bare, stark, dreariness before her, barer and drearier than ever, now she had had a glimpse into this new one, full of color and grace."

The tears came into her eyes. It seemed so very hard. If she could only love John Wilbur just a little. But it was no use to try. She had no right to share his wealth, the grace and splendor in which he would set her. They were not hers. She would not sell her birth-right for them. Could she go to the altar, knowing in her secret soul that it was his wealth, not himself, whom she married? It would be sin. She would not lift herself out of her poverty and her loneliness by a false marriage, any more than she would help herself to heaps of uncounted gold which lay in her path, and which belonged to another. In either case she would be a thief, and she, Jessamine Holland, might go mourning to her death for the good things of this life; but she would come by them honestly, or not at all.

So she had come into the light at last. This was the wisdom for which she had prayed last night. Yet it is not always given to women in such strait as hers.

There came a time long afterwards, when Jessamine Holland looked back and saw that her soul would not have answered so prompt and absolute her solemn question, if, altogether unconsciously to herself, there had not hovered over her the prescience of what a real love meant.

Mr. Wilbur came the evening of the following day. Jessamine was talking with Duke at the moment, Eva fluttering between them as usual.

The waiter came towards the group, and said, in a low voice, that Mr. Wilbur desired to see Miss Holland in the parlor. The man evidently had an intuition, that friendly as was the gentleman's footing in the Walbridge family,

this visit was intended solely for the young lady.

Duke and Eva stared, and Jessamine, feeling with a sudden sinking of heart that her time had come, made some apology, and hurried up to her own room a moment to collect her thoughts before she went down into the parlor.

You must remember that it was this girl's first offer; and Jessamine was very much of a woman, with all the truth and courage which lay wrought up in that warm little heart of hers. She would have been more or less than one, had she not felt keenly the great compliment which Mr. Wilbur's choice had paid her, choosing the little quiet country girl from amid all the accomplished and elegant young ladies in the Walbridge circle.

She stood a moment before the mirror, and she realized, as she had never done before, that the face which smiled on her was a very fair one. She smoothed the dark hair about it; and then, opening her drawer, took out a puff of valenciennes lace, which had been one of her Christmas gifts, and gathered the snowy laces about her throat. Then her conscience, swift and sensitive, called to her—"Jessamine, Jessamine, what are you doing that for? Why do you seek to look fair in the eyes of this man, whose offer you are now to refuse? Are you weak enough to try to enhance your value and his loss at this moment? It is your duty to take no pains with yourself this night; it would be nobler to try and look as homely as you can."

There was a little struggle—she was very human, as I said—then she took up a plain linen collar and pinned at her throat; not even the bit of color there which she usually wore; but that was atoned for by the flush in her cheeks as she went down stairs.

"I believe," said Eva, drawing near to Duke as Jessamine left the room, "that what Gertrude said the other day was true, after all."

"What did she say, Eva?"

"That she thought Mr. Wilbur had taken a real fancy to Miss Jessamine. It looks like it now, his just calling and asking for her alone, leaving out all the rest of us. I think it would be sort of nice if—if—now."

"If what?" asked Duke, in a very curt tone.

"Why, if they should like each other, and something serious should come of it," answered Eva, who had a young girl's natural fondness for lovers and weddings, and who had been brought over to her mother's way of thinking, "that the age was no great matter, after all."

"It's too absurd to enter anybody's thought,"

answered Duke, in his most positive and provoking way. "A man old enough to be her grandfather. When girls get to talking they never show common sense."

Eva bridled a little at this sweeping condemnation of her sex.

"Girls usually see a good deal quicker into such matters than men, anyhow; and as for Mr. Wilbur, if he isn't young he's everything else that's nice and good, and I would sooner marry him to-night than most of the gentlemen whom I know."

Mr. Wilbur and Eva had, from the beginning, been on excellent terms.

"You're a child, Eva, and don't know what you are talking about."

Eva's amiability was a good deal nettled by this time, and it must be admitted not without provocation. "If I am such a child, Duke Walbridge," she said, very spiritedly, "I am just over fifteen, and I don't think that is a very infantile age, anyhow."

"Nobody would suspect that from your looks or actions."

What had come over Duke, to-night? He was not in the habit of talking in this way to his favorite little sister. Eva felt a little hurt, looking up into her brother's face, which had settled into something stern and hard, as his voice. There was no use talking to him now; and she went off to join her sisters at the other end of the room, and communicate Mr. Wilbur's arrival.

Meanwhile, Duke Walbridge sat still, as though he had been turned suddenly to stone in his chair. But beneath all the hard whiteness there was a hot life and pain, such as he had never known before. It had come there in the last few moments. What could it mean? He thought of John Wilbur with a sudden flash of hatred, as though the man had done him some horrible wrong; the man who had been an especial favorite of Duke's all through the latter's boyhood. He heard Jessamine Holland's feet coming down the stairs. He thirsted to go out and drag her inside the door, from the very presence of the man who was waiting below. He drew his breath hard as, listening intently, he heard her enter the room and the door close.

What did it mean that the sister of Ross Holland had power thus to shake his soul to its centre? Was she something to him beyond this—the sister of the friend who had almost given his life for him?

Duke Walbridge winced under this question which rose in the silence of his soul, and

covered his eyes with his hand, while the blood came darkly into his cheeks, and his heart throbbed like a frightened woman's. Then he thought of Jessamine, and something unutterably strong, and sweet and tender, flooded his soul. Whether it was bliss or pain he could not tell; but it was an exquisite delight, which made him feel manlier and braver, and yet humbler and tenderer towards all the world.

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" The question going restless and hungry to and fro in his thought, like winds that fall and rise before a storm; and at last he answered, softly, with some feeling which brought the tears into his eyes—"It means that I love you, oh, Jessamine Holland!"

Mr. Wilbur came straight towards the girl, as she entered the parlor; he gave her both his hands, his intent eyes on her face. Despite the linen collar and the lack of color, he thought he had never seen her look quite so pretty before.

"Well, my friend, have you decided?" he asked.

All the little surface vanity and flutterings had slipped away now. She was a woman, with a solemn duty before her. She felt very sorry for him—very sorry for herself, too, wondering which would find it the harder to bear.

"Yes, Mr. Wilbur," said the sweet, steady, sorrowful voice, "I have decided."

He knew then that it had gone against him. His face changed; he drew back from her. "You will not come to me, Jessamine?" a great regret in his tones.

Then she told him the simple truth; that she could not come without her heart—she had tried to bring him that, but it could not be.

He tried to argue with her. "Young girls were romantic; and a grave, practical man, such as he was, could not expect to inspire the ardent affection that a young lover would. But he would be content to wait for that, and he believed his tenderness and devotion could make her happiness, and win her love in time."

She feared she was swaying as she listened. All that he said seemed so natural, so true. The color went down in her face, the tears came into her eyes. There was something yet which she had held back. She told him that now; held up before him her past life, with its loneliness, deprivation on every side; and then she showed to him what the life he offered to her must be in contrast; all the ease, grace, luxury, the world abroad—the sights and sounds for which she hungered.

Yet lifting up the moved face, bright through all its paleness—"Do not tempt me, Mr. Wilbur, I cannot do you and my own soul the great wrong to take what I have no right to, bringing you no heart in return. All the time I should be certain that I was selling myself for your wealth, that it was that and not you I married. You are a strong man. Be pitiful to me. Help me to be true to myself."

He was walking up and down the room drinking in every word. He came now and stood before her. "Jessamine," he said, "I will love at the beginning enough for both. You will give me your confidence, your friendship. I will be content with that at first, believing that in due time my reward will come."

For a moment she swayed towards him again. That warm, glowing life beyond stood smiling and waiting for her. She had dealt truly by him, and if, out of the abundance of his love and generosity, he was willing to take her as she must come, why should she hesitate?

But as she sat there, looking at him, with her pale, perplexed face, some other thought came to her help, a moment afterwards it was embodied in her answer, "No," she said, shaking her head, slowly: "It is I that must speak for both of us. I that must be too truly your friend, Mr. Wilbur, to let you do yourself this great wrong. You are worthy of a woman's whole heart; your tenderness and devotion deserve it. Be satisfied with no less. If tempted by all you promise me, I should consent to be your wife against my highest convictions, it would not be myself that you would take, but something lowered, untrue, false forever afterwards.

"I am tired for rest, I am sick for freedom. I am starved for life's grace and beauty, and the old life makes me shiver as I think of going down into its cold and barrenness, and the one you offer me lies fair as a very garden of Eden before me. But I dare not go in; before God, I dare not! Have pity upon me. Be a man, and help me, for you can never know all it costs me to refuse you this boon."

Her hands clasped her wet face shining up to him through its tears. It roused whatever was generous and noble in the man. He came towards her, he took her little hands in his:

"My little friend, whom I would have more to me—but it cannot be; you have been true and brave to-night, and God will bless you for it. It has been a hard disappointment to me; but for all that I feel that you are in the right, and that in the end, I could never be happy with the wife who did not bring me her heart."

He stopped here and looked at her; he longed to tell her how freely his ample means were still at her disposal; how it would delight him to set her youth in pleasant paths afar from those lonely, barren ones, where she had walked so long, but something in her face held his words back.

He drew her to him, kissed her forehead tenderly, put his cheek down to hers, and said, "Good-by, Jessamine," in a way that told her it was for the last time, and then went away.

Duke knew that Mr. Wilbur had been gone more than an hour, when Jessamine re-entered the sitting-room. She came back in her soft way, with some little seriousness in her face. Everybody looked up, for everybody had a suspicion what John Wilbur's errand had been that night.

Mrs. Walbridge was secretly uneasy and curious; that lady having been out when Mr. Wilbur called, but the girls had confided the fact to their mother, on her return, with characteristic comments. Jessamine's manner had of late puzzled the lady a good deal. Mrs. Walbridge prided herself on her discernment, but she could not make up her own mind whether Jessamine Holland was going to accept Mr. Wilbur or not. She had a kind of feeling that the girl would do her a personal wrong by refusing him, although she never admitted this to herself even.

"Has Mr. Wilbur gone?" asked Eva, almost as soon as Jessamine entered; a question which nobody else had had courage to ask.

"Oh, yes; he left more than an hour ago," was the quiet answer.

Then everybody knew Mrs. Walbridge was secretly exasperated.

"That girl must set a very high value on herself, to refuse a man like John Wilbur. Why, if he had wanted my Edith, I don't think I should have demurred."

Happily Jessamine suspected nothing of what was going on in the thoughts of the people about her.

"I began to think you were not coming back this evening, Miss Jessamine," said Duke, as she took her seat. He said it in his kindest way, but then she was used to kind sayings from Duke, because she was Ross Holland's sister, she supposed.

Just now, however, she felt singularly forlorn and homesick; remembering, too, that the only home she had was the little bare room under Hannah Bray's roof.

"Why, have you missed me?" she asked,

half absently, as, perhaps, she would not had she stopped to think twice.

"Oh yes; I have missed you very much, Miss Jessamine." He spoke the word low, and with some singular emphasis of tone that roused her.

She looked up in his eyes, and he smiled on her, his own rare smile of lips and eyes.

It entered her heart like light. It brought the soft flush-color into her cheeks.

Somehow, Duke felt quite at ease now about John Wilbur.

"I have been sitting here and thinking, there is but one thing in the world that is

worth very much, Miss Jessamine. Will you guess what it is?"

"I know," said Eva, who, though he was not aware, was standing behind him, and had heard her brother's question. "It is a true affection.

"Yes, in one form or another, it is that, little eavesdropper," his good mood thoroughly restored.

Then they all three fell into the old mood of talking, only softer and graver than usual, it seemed to Jessamine; and she went to her room that night with a heart comforted and lighter, she could not tell why.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WOMAN'S WRONGS."

UNDER this suggestive title, Ticknor & Fields bring out a spicy whiff of some two hundred pages, from that source of the spiciest of all gales—Gail Hamilton. The work is called forth by a series of articles from the pen of the celebrated Congregationalist divine, Dr. John Todd, of Massachusetts, who undertakes to define "Woman's Rights" (which, of course, includes woman's wrongs), in a sentimental manner, probably quite satisfactory to himself, but not at all so to our authoress. We have not seen Dr. Todd's essays—but if the extracts and summary of the same given by Gail Hamilton are anything like fair or reasonable, certainly, we think, she has the best of the argument. Take only one point—the education of females. We must think Dr. Todd very superficial, and Gail Hamilton equally practical and sensible. Here is the way she handles her opponent on this point:

"Dr. Todd next settles the question of female education and female colleges. 'If it ministers to variety to call a girls' school a college, it is very harmless.' He is willing the fair ones should amuse themselves with edge tools to that extent. But open the knife? No, no, pet, it will cut its little hands! 'As for training young ladies through a long intellectual course, as we do young men, it can never be done, they will die in the process. Give woman all the advantages and all the education which her organization, so tender and delicate, will bear, but don't try to make the anemone into an oak,' and so forth. Thus the tender and delicate organization stands in the way, not only of Herschels and Laplaces, but

of ordinary college graduates. Doubtless our colleges are in many respects excellent institutions, but I have never been so impressed with the weight of learning invariably brought from them as to feel that the female brain would hopelessly stagger under it. However, Dr. Todd says it would, and it is perhaps unseemly to discuss the question. But he is willing to declare 'deliberately that the female has mind enough, talent enough, to go through a complete college course, but her physical organization will never admit of it, as a general thing. I think the great danger of our day is forcing the intellect of woman beyond what her physical organization will possibly bear. We want to put our daughters at school at six, and have their education completed at eighteen. A girl would feel mortified not to be through schooling by the time she reaches that age' (a statement that will surprise girls, I think). 'In these years the poor thing has her brain crowded with history, grammar, arithmetic, geography, natural history, chemistry, physiology, botany, astronomy, rhetoric, natural and moral philosophy, metaphysics, French, often German, Latin, perhaps Greek, reading spelling, committing poetry, writing compositions, drawing, painting, &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. Then, out of school hours, from three to six hours of severe toil at the piano. She must be on the strain all the school hours, study in the evening till her eyes ache, her brain whirls, her spine yields and gives away, and she comes through the process of education, enervated, feeble, without courage or vigor, elasticity or strength. Alas! must we crowd education

upon our daughters, and for the sake of having them 'intellectual,' make them puny, nervous, and their whole earthly existence a struggle between life and death?"

"If any other Providence than Dr. Todd's were concerned, one might be disposed to inquire its object in giving woman more mind than she can cultivate. 'A little farm well tilled' is supposed to be more profitable than ever so great a reach of waste land. Why endow woman with as much mind as man, if she is forever incapacitated from training it? But Dr. Todd's Providence is *sui generis*, and we will simply meet his assertion with another,—that the female not only has mind enough, talent enough, but also body enough, to go through a complete college course. Dr. Todd judges from what he has seen in female schools, that it cannot be done. I judge, from what I have seen in and out of female schools, that it can be done. He laments that, between the ages of six and eighteen, the poor thing has her brain crowded with history, grammar and the rest. I affirm that if, between the ages of six and eighteen, a girl cannot get all those things into her brain without crowding it, she is a poor thing. A girl can go to school, pursue all the studies which Dr. Todd enumerates, except *ad infinitum*, know them,—not as well as a chemist knows chemistry, or a botanist botany, but as well as they are known by boys of her age and training, as well indeed as they are known by many college-taught men, enough at least to be a solace and resource to her,—then graduate before she is eighteen, and come out of school as healthy, as fresh, as eager as she went in, and never through her subsequent life know a week's scarcely a day's illness. I know this, for I have seen it. Nature harmonizes body and mind in woman as well as in man. Aching eyes and whirling brain and yielding spine need no more attend intellectual activity in girls than in boys. Let a girl have a strong constitution, a vigorous body, and a sound mind, to begin with,—let her be taught to work, to play, to study, and not to dawdle,—let her have plenty of fresh air, wholesome food, early sleep, active out-door exercise, and healthful dress, all of which are compatible with a long intellectual course,—and she need fear nothing that seminaries or colleges have to offer. The reason why girls in school and out of school are puny, energized, and exhausted is not that they are girls, but that they have inherited feeble constitutions, or they have been injured by improper food, improper dress, late hours, unnatural and un-

wholesome excitement, or they have been committed to unskillful and incompetent teachers; and among incompetent teachers I should certainly reckon those of Dr. Todd's acquaintance,—teachers who, besides the routine of school, require from three to six hours of severe daily toil on the piano. I do not know any such teachers. I never heard of any such practice. In all the female schools I ever knew, music was considered as a study, and was included in the regular course. It certainly does not demand such a lion's share of time in boys' schools or colleges, and therefore, in considering a girl's chances of passing through a college safely, these three or six hours may be counted in her favor."

"Study is healthful. Real study conduces to peace of mind and body. Many girls and boys too, are incapable of it. I have known parents lament the effects of hard study on their children, when those children never knew an hour's hard study, and never could compass it if their life depended on it. What they suffer from is inability to study, not study. Parental ignorance, vice, weakness, or mismanagement has given them bodies and souls alike nerveless and flaccid. They can go to parties, follow the fashions, lounge over books, perhaps pore and worry over them; but they are utterly incapable of concentration, energy, struggle, victory. Their minds are inane and their bodies drooping. Others have fine physical powers in which their puny souls are well-nigh lost. Others have strong souls, but chained to body of death. By all means let such children quietly fall out of the ranks. It is only adding cruelty to cruelty to require of them what can be done only by able-bodied souls and able-souled bodies; but to make them the standard—to force healthy, jubilant beings, all thrilling and tingling with life, to keep step with them—is a device worthy of Dr. Todd. If, instead of laboring to dwarf woman's intellect to the measure of her crippled physical powers, he had labored to raise her physical powers to the height of her uncrippled intellect,—if, instead of showing parents that they wrong their children by trying to educate them, he had shown the earlier and deeper wrong of multiplying children too feeble to be educated,—he would, I was about to say, have labored to some purpose; but remembering the manner in which he espouses a cause, I withdraw the suggestion, and only beg him to fight it out on the line which he has already taken."

Dr. Todd has bungled over this matter very

like a man. With her fine, clear perceptions the woman has vanquished him. She has done it in a woman-*ish* manner. She couldn't let the opportunity slip for a little personal malice, which were, perhaps, better left unsaid, but she has maintained her point clearly and decidedly. The main point of the book seems to be the old topic of female suffrage. Ought women to vote?—and upon this subject, certainly, she writes with a fairness and good judgment which ought to commend her to all sensible people of either sex. She maintains stoutly that woman has every right to vote. She adds that she does not see any advantage to be gained from it. In no department of life will woman gain by the ballot more freedom for "her own sweet will" than she possesses now. Here is a good paragraph upon woman's work which is entitled to consideration:

"Still we have not reached the masses—the women who have no inward, irresistible bent to anything, who have no ambition for a career, but who must earn their own living, who, while the leaders are conquering all opposition, all circumstances, still remain, thirty-nine thousand and five hundred out of forty thousand, for whose sake the ballot is demanded, and whose fortunes the ballot is expected to create. We have as yet found no answer to the question, What will the ballot do for them? A thousand employments it will give them, say its advocates, but they do not specify ten. Indeed, I cannot find one. Is it, in fact, the want of the ballot that keeps them at starving prices, any more than it is the want of the ballot that keeps them back from art and science? I think not. All suffering is pitiable, but I cannot spend all my pity on these forty thousand. I pity myself. I pity the twice forty thousand women in New York who are annoyed, hindered and injured by the incapacity of foreign servants that do not know the difference between a castor and a tureen, or between truth and falsehood; but whose lives might grow smooth and peaceful through the advent of forty thousand intelligent American servants. These forty thousand women are starving over their needles, but if a busy housemother wants a plain dress made, she must pay ten dollars for the work, bespeak it a month beforehand at that, and submit to whatever abstraction of pieces the dress-maker or her apprentices choose to make. Not to speak of dress-making, it is no easy matter to secure really good plain sewing; and really good plain sewing, so far as I know, always com-

mands good pay. Why then do not these women who are starving over the needle make fine dresses for twenty dollars, instead of coarse trousers for twenty cents? Why do they not become milliners and mantua-makers, and earn a fortune and an independent position, instead of remaining slop-makers, earning barely a living, and never rising above a servile and cringing dependence? It is because they have not the requisite skill or money; but of these they cannot vote themselves a supply. Here is a girl who wants some other work than sewing. She goes to a counting-room, and is offered, by way of trial, a package of letters to copy. The work is expected to occupy about a week, and she is to be paid twenty-five dollars. She brings back the letters, copied in a clear, round hand, but so carelessly and inaccurately that her work is worthless. Here is a pretty, bright young woman, engaged with a roomful of companions in a similar work, and actually boasting that her employers 'cannot do anything with us. They make rules that we are to be here at such times, and to leave the room only at such times, and do only such and such things; but we will do just as we like;' and I am not surprised by and by to hear that there is trouble brewing, nor do I see how the right of suffrage is to remove the trouble. There are so many things to be taken into the account, that one has need of great caution in forming opinions; but it seems to me that the great and simple cause of the low wages paid to women is the low work they produce. They are equal only to the coarse, common labor; they get only the coarse, common pay, and there are such multitudes of them that their employer has everything his own way."

She makes an excellent point upon the indisposition among American girls to go into the kitchen:

"But if women are prevented from establishing themselves in business through want of means, they need not on that account work at starving prices. I suspect that every one of those forty thousand women could find a comfortable home in New York—a home in which she would have plenty of wholesome food and sufficient shelter, and in which she could earn besides two or three dollars a week, if she would accept the home. The work would be more healthful and far less exhaustive than the starvation sewing. Household service is always in demand. A woman needs no capital to enter upon it. Even skill is not indispensable. There are thousands of families to which, if an intelligent, virtuous, and ordinarily

healthful woman should go and say, 'I have been starving with my needle, and I desire now to try housework. I know very little about it, but I have determined to devote myself to it, and am resolved to become mistress of it,' she would be welcomed. Here, by exercising those virtues and graces which every human being ought to exercise—by being faithful, good-humored, and efficient—she could speedily become an honored and valued member of the family, and secure herself a home that would last as long as the family held together. She could make herself as useful to the family as the family is to her. Where is the sense in a woman's starving because she has no food in her hands, when a woman is starving by her side because she has no hands for her food? I feel indignant when I hear these multiplied stories of wholesale destitution. I am disposed to say to these women: If you choose to stay at home and perish, rather than go into your neighbor's kitchen and supply your wants, do so; but do not appeal to those for pity from whom you refuse employment. I know there are many who are tied to their own wretched homes; but if those who are unencumbered would resort to the kitchens of the rich, it would relieve the stress of competition, those who remain would command a better price for their labor, and starvation would be permanently stopped. I do not say this because housework is woman's sphere, but because it is honest work that calls her, and any honest work in her power is better than starvation, and more dignified than complaint and outcry. If it were picking apples, or gathering huckleberries, instead of housework, I should recommend that just the same. The case of the woman is precisely the case of the man. If a man had palpable artistic genius, we should earnestly desire for him artistic employment: but if he could by no means succeed in securing it, we should certainly advise him to chop wood, however disagreeable wood-chopping be to him, rather than die; and if he choose to shiver and starve at his home, rather than come and cut my wood, for want of which I stand shivering, I should take his starvation with great equanimity. So with women. No one has a right to tell women what they ought to do, to dictate to them their sphere. But when women cry out that they are dying for want of the ballot, we have a right to say: Not so. Unquestionably you are dying, and unquestionably you have not the ballot; but the two do not stand in the relation of effect and cause. Equally without question you ought to have the ballot; but it is

not the ballot which will raise you up from this sickness.

"I admit that there are serious drawbacks to household service—some drawbacks of an honest self-respect, some of a foolish self-disrespect, calling itself pride. It is often said, that, if a woman could be taken into a family on a footing of equality—meaning chiefly, I find, if she could sit at the family table—there would be less reluctance to domestic service. It is not reasonable to expect that an intelligent American woman should be willing to consort with low and ignorant foreigners. But it would scarcely be hazardous to predict, that, if intelligent American women would go into American kitchens, they would quickly drive out the unintelligent foreigners; and for the rest, the matter of equality is simply trivial. Social position adjusts itself where there is social worth. The servant in the kitchen may be wholly superior to the mistress in the parlor, or she may be inferior; but sitting together at table affects the question not at all. It may be requiring more insight than we have a right to expect, to ask the mass of women to see this. But any one can see that the table is often the only place where the family can meet, and a stranger's presence destroys the confidence and freedom which make the charm of family life. The family do not object to the servant's presence necessarily because she is not equal to themselves, but because she is not one of themselves. They are quite right. Family seclusion can scarcely be too sacredly guarded; and the woman who wishes to encroach upon it—who is so blind that she cannot see that there is anything to be encroached upon—shows by that token her unfitness to share it. There is, too, much less danger of clashing when mistress and maid have their orbits on different planes. Duties are far more clearly defined, and relations far less complicated; and if the maid have ability, she will gradually assume an almost commanding position in the household. She will be less its servant than its friend, its care-taker, honored and prized beyond what money can express.

"But there is also, it must be admitted, a well-grounded repugnance to household service because of the character of the householders. There are women who seem to have no suspicion that servants have any rights, tastes, or feelings which mistresses are bound to respect. They are exacting and petulant. They make no allowance for human nature. They take no thought for the comfort, the health, or the welfare of their servants, but expect the servant to take constant thought for theirs. It never

occurs to them that a servant has any need of rest or recreation, of society or sunshine. They consider the servant an absolute dependant, and themselves absolute monarchs. Perhaps there is no remedy for this but to let such women alone. And yet, at the worst, are the selfishness and unreason of a mistress worse than those of a master? Possibly. More petty, constant, and irritating, perhaps, but not so brutal, so repulsive. At the worst, are the small rooms, the close kitchens, the constant calls, worse than the long monotonous days spent over the health and heart-destroying needle? But the worst cases are comparatively few, though they bring all others into bad odor. The actually good places are not few, and the passable places are many, and will be more, just as fast as good women can be found to fill them. Let intelligence and modesty and worth go into the kitchen, and they must soon bring intelligence and modesty and worth into the parlor. There is also another advantage for young women: while all their copying or shop-keeping has no peculiar value except as a trade, housework is an apprenticeship which may be very useful to them in a different position. They are not only gaining money, comfort, and independence, but they are fitting themselves for keeping their own houses, if they shall ever have houses to keep. With their one stone they are hitting all the birds they will ever be likely to have a chance at."

We have seldom seen a more excellent piece of advice to girls than the following:—

"Be content to strive for nothing less than all which a woman may become. Cease to think that pettiness and frivolity and insipidity are feminine accomplishments. Cease to think it a beautiful, a graceful, a womanly thing to be a fool. Strengthen the mind by study and the body by exercise. Store your memory with facts, and cultivate your judgment by reasoning. Fit yourself for the place which you select or accept. Be wife, mother, teacher, nurse, what you will, but be your best; and be always a woman first; be always higher than your work. Remember always that you must be before you can do. Scorn to contract your powers to the narrow circle of your personal contact, but comprehend with your interest all that touches welfare. Consider nothing human as foreign to you. Make home, so far as you have or can have power, a centre of comfort indeed, but of light, of intelligence, of humanity as well, and count the whole country your home, and the whole world your country. Disdain to affect or to cherish an ignorant innocence, but wear an ag-

gressive and all-conquering purity. Remember that the perfect woman is nobly planned, not only to warn and comfort, but to command. Learn to think nobly, to love nobly, to live nobly, and demand and enforce by your own nobility, from all who seek your friendship or companionship, the same outreach for noble thought and love and life."

Here is a good thought:—

"Natural tact will do much, but it cannot supply the place of education. When a woman has learned to make a pudding, she has learned but the smallest and easiest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table where the pudding is served, and dispense a hospitality so cordial and enlivening that the pudding shall be forgotten. There are a thousand women who can make a pudding, where there is one who is mistress of her servants, of her children, of her husband, of her house, of her position. Granted that women need have no character on their own account—that their glory and dignity and importance lie in being the mothers of men. All on that ground they need the most thorough intellectual education. A woman can make a dress fit well though she have little knowledge of anything else; but she cannot fashion an immortal soul for a worthy immortality without a worthy cultivation of her own soul. A woman who is not the equal of men is not fit to be the mother of men."

There is much more in this book which we should like to bring before our readers. Good, stirring, noble thoughts—but we have no space for them here. Perhaps the book may not accomplish much. It is like all others of its class; faults are pointed out, but the practical way of remedying the evils we all mourn is not given. In God's good time the problem will be solved. Education—which Gail Hamilton seems to think the one thing needful—will do much, doubtless, towards a better state of things. It is towards this we should all labor as far as in us lies, striving as much as possible to correct the wrong that exists within our own doors.

IT is a fine thing, says the Country Parson, to ripen without shrivelling, to reach the calmness of age and yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

THE most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

WORKS OF THE CORAL INSECT.

THOUGH some species of corals are found in all climates, they abound chiefly in the tropical regions. In particular, the larger and more solid kinds seem to have chosen those climates for their habitation; while the more tender and minute occur in the colder seas.

These animals vary from the size of a pin's head, or even less, to more than the bulk of a pea; and it is by the persevering efforts of creatures so insignificant, working in myriads, and working through ages, that the enormous structures in question are erected. Enormous they may well be called, when the great Coral Reef of Australia, alone, is a thousand miles in length, and when its altitude is between one and two thousand feet. It is a mountain ridge that would reach almost three times from one extremity of England to the other, with the height of the Scottish mountains. And this is the work of insects so very minute, and but a small part of what they have done. The whole of the Pacific Ocean is crowded with islands of the same architecture, the produce of the same insignificant creatures. An animal barely possessing life, scarcely appearing to possess volition, tied down to its narrow cell, and ephemeral in existence, is daily and hourly creating the habitations of men, of animals, and of plants. It is founding a new continent; it is constructing a new world.

These are among the wonders of the Creator's mighty hand; such are among the means which He uses to forward His ends of benevolence. Yet man looks down on the myriads of beings equally insignificant in appearance, because he has not discovered the great offices which they hold, and the duties which they fulfil in the great order of Nature. It is no more than the truth, that the coral insect is creating a new continent. Navigators now know that the Great Southern Ocean is not only crowded with these islands, but that it has many submarine rocks of the same nature, rapidly growing up to the surface, where, at length overtopping the ocean, they are destined to form new habitations for man to extend his dominion. They grow and unite into circles and ridges, and ultimately they become extensive tracts. This process cannot cease while those animals exist and propagate. It must increase in an accelerating ratio, and the result will be that by the wider union of such islands, an extensive archipelago, and at length a continent must be formed. This process is equally visible in the Red Sea. It is daily becoming less and less navigable, in consequence of the growth of its coral rocks, and the day may

come when one plain will unite the opposed shores of Egypt and Arabia.

Let us here admire the wonderful provision which is made, deep in the earth, for completing the work which these animals have commenced, and note the contrast between the silent and unmarked labors of working myriads, operating by an universal and long-ordained law, and the sudden effort of a power which, from the rarity of its exertion, seems to many to be especially among the miraculous interpositions of the Creator. It is the volcano and the earthquake that are to complete the structure which the coral insect has laid; to elevate the mountain and form the valley, to introduce beneath the equator the range of climate which belongs to the temperate regions, to collect the clouds which fertilize the earth, and to cause the springs to burst forth and the rivers to flow—this is the work of one short hour.

If the coral insect was not made in vain, neither was it for destruction that God ordained the volcano and the earthquake. By means so opposed, and so contrasted, is one single end attained, which is the welfare and happiness of man. If man has but recently opened his eyes on these important facts, his chemistry is still unable to explain them. It scarcely need be said that the corals all consist of calcareous earth, of lime united by animal matter. The whole appears to be the creation of the animal. It is a secretion by its organs. Not only is the production of calcareous earth proceeding daily in this manner, but by the actions of the myriad tribes of shell-fishes who are forming their larger habitations in the same manner and from the same material. It is this which forms the calcareous beds of the ocean; it is this which has formed those enormous accumulations, in a former state of the world, which are now our mountains. These are the productions of the inhabitants of an ancient ocean. All the limestone of the world has been the produce of animals, and if an insect has constructed the great submarine mountain of Australia, the thousand tribes and myriads of individuals which inhabited the submarine mountains of the world could just as easily have formed them in preceding ages, and it is evident such was the case, as the mountains are made of shells. Mrs. Sigourney says of the coral insect—

"Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on, for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave.
Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.



DOWN IN THE WELL.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

WHAT does our Bessie see down in the well?
A little round face, with a frame of brown
curls,
Wide-open blue eyes? Why, it's our little girl's!
Who would have thought she could not tell
'Twas her own little picture down deep in the well?
Does Bessie see more than this in the well?
A bit of blue sky, a soft, white, sailing cloud,
And some swift-flying birds that go all in a crowd?
Look upward, my darling, how wide and how bright
Is all the fair sky, where the swallows take flight!

What is it charms Bessie so down in the well?
There are fields, flowers and sunshine around and
above,
The world full of beauty, and hearts full of love;
Why does our pet turn away from it all?
Come, little sober-face, tell brother Paul!
Bessie "don't know" why she looks in the well—
Over the dangerous curb stooping low,
Watching so earnestly shadows below.
Well, there are older folk, Bessie, than you,
Look down at the copy, when up is the true!

VOL. XXXI.—21

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—This is the first time I have ever written to you; but I have read the "Treasury" and "Home Circle" for a long time, and, as I love little children very much, I thought perhaps I could write something to amuse or instruct you.

I wonder how many of you ever thought how much good you could do in the world? No doubt many of you have thought of it, and said often—"I WILL do a great deal of good when I grow up." Ah, my dear children, have you ever thought that you may never grow up? Probably every one of you has lost some little friend who never "grew up," whose hands are folded to rest, and over whose grave the flowers and grass are growing. Think how soon you may be lying near him.

Now is the time, and *home* the place to begin. You can be a great help to mother, and father, and other friends, in many ways. A kind, cheerful, obliging boy or girl is one of the nicest things to have about the house; why it's just like a stream of sunshine; and they are doing good by having such a pleasant face. When Harry comes in from school with a smile and kiss for mother, puts his books on their own

shelf, his hat in the right place, and then offers to take baby so that mother may get some rest, what a deal of good he does. Mother almost forgets her throbbing head, and smiles and kisses him, telling him he is a blessing to her. How happy he feels—a great deal better than if he had stayed out to play with his ball or top, as the boys wanted him to do.

But, I am sorry to say, there are some boys that don't do this. I know one; his name is Johnny Granger. Do any of you know him? He comes home from school, throws his books down in the first place that comes handy, and his cap in another, forgets to clean his dirty boots that bring mud on to the sitting-room carpet, and don't offer to help mother, though he knows she would like to have him go on errands or do something else. I don't think he really means *not* to help her, but he is *thoughtless*, and says to himself—"I guess if she wants me she will say so." But this isn't right; mother gets tired of having to say over and over again—"Come, Johnny, it's time to bring up the coal;" or, "Put by that story book now and study your lessons."

And, little girls, are you always ready to put by dolly and books when you see that you can help

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some one? Don't wait to be asked; you will do it more cheerfully than if you had to be told two or three times.

One thing I wish to impress on your minds; that is, *never neglect an opportunity for doing good*, no matter how little the good may be.

I will tell you how *I* neglected such an opportunity. I was going to school in New York—one of the public schools it was. A certain rule required every scholar to be in his seat at a quarter before nine, or lose a merit mark. It was in winter time, and the sidewalks were very slippery. I started from home about twenty minutes to nine, knowing I could reach the school-house in five minutes. As I came to the corner of R— Street, I glanced at the clock in the church on the opposite corner, and saw I had but two minutes to walk the block that lay between me and the school. Just then an old lady with a large basket on her arm crossed the street. She was about to step on to the sidewalk, when she saw that it was so icy she would surely fall. She put her basket on the

walk to steady herself with it; but that wouldn't do, and she was on the point of falling, when a gentleman who had just crossed the street sprang forward and helped her across. There I had walked right past her and never offered to help her, just because I didn't want to be late at school. I imagined that the gentleman looked at me with scorn. She might have broken a limb, and I would have been the cause of it.

I was late that morning, missed my lessons during the day, and was so miserable that I was glad when school was out. I could not get the thought of the old lady out of my mind; and now, though years have elapsed, and I am more than a thousand miles from New York, I think of it still, and it makes me unhappy.

Dear children, take care not to have *this* in your memories, that you have neglected opportunities for doing good which would have called down blessings upon you from Him who went about doing good.

L. M. N.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MUSICAL FRIVOLITY.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:—The form of *frivolity* in our young ladies of the present day, which seems most to grieve and afflict our esteemed relative Uncle Grumbler, viz., a little feminine vanity and weakness in the matter of personal adornment, is, it seems to me, the most simple and harmless form which that frivolity can take; and I am able to pass it all by, even to the detestable chignon, without a sigh of pain or a single word of remonstrance, even. Not so, however, with some other tendencies of the age—a dissipation of head and heart, which to my mind are sad in the extreme, and more hurtful far than any mere indulgence in dress or personal vanity. Now, for this fault the men who are the instructors of the rising generation are largely responsible. Those who write books are to be blamed; the literature of the day is flippant; there is a tendency to flippancy even in moral and religious teaching. The education of girls in almost all departments of knowledge is open to the same charge. But there is only one point, and that is comparatively unimportant, which I wish to touch upon in this letter, and that is regarding some things in the musical training of our girls.

To start with, then, I confess at once—I am an old maid, and no musician, from which you deduce readily that I may be meddlesome, but not particularly inclined to quarrels. Moreover, I am very old-fashioned in some of my ideas; and this

is which leads me to inquire what right musical composers have to travesty, and make ridiculous every sweet old song in the language with nonsensical trills, runs, tremors and thunders. How is it that such music has come to be so popular and universally received, even among good schools of musicians? Is there any particular merit in purloining a charming theme, which is the legitimate child of some other man's brain, dressing it out in tawdry finery, and endeavoring to pass it off as one's own? Isn't it downright theft and pretension, rather? A sort of clap-trap music which has no right to be mentioned along side the noble creations among which it would rear its unworthy head. How is it in literature? We treat a parody with contempt. Why not in music? I know I am treading on dangerous ground when I object to this popular style of instrumental music; I know some of the finest talent has been lent to its development, so that it is not without reason that persons of taste and discernment go into raptures over Thalberg's graceful "Home Sweet Home," Hoffman's brilliant "Mocking-bird," or as Herz rings the sentimental changes on "The Last Rose of Summer." Still this makes no excuse for the flood of musical parodies which are scattered over our land, thick as "leaves in Vallambrosa," and with which my old-fashioned, old-maidism has no sympathy whatever.

When in a social circle a musician seats himself at the piano, and with a few flourishes introduces one of the old themes sacred to me from a multi-

tude of associations reaching back into earliest childhood, I brace myself firmly in my chair, and close my lips for a patient endurance to the end, just as I would were I to have my teeth filed, scraped, and pulled by a dentist. At its conclusion, my hostess leans over to me, and says, softly—"Exquisite! is it not?" I bow my head politely, and she imagines I have been greatly pleased, while my heart thumps, angrily—Exquisite torture! What right has this trifler to afflict my sensibilities with this abuse of an old and loved friend before my very eyes—racking it over long runs, pelting it with merciless trills—beating it with innumerable chords, mutilating it until scarcely an original feature can be traced, and burying it out of my sight at last in a wilderness of dissonant sounds. But as I have said previously, I do not express this feeling openly in society, knowing the only response I should meet would be—"how peculiar"—which very possibly you may be saying yourself at this moment, dear reader. But a deeper feeling has called forth this communication from me at this time. Our young ladies are not only taught all this frivolous nonsense, and told to call it music; but other and more sacred things are touched by the hand of leity, and made to pander to this popular taste.

At this present writing, I am a visitor in the house of a sister. Here I have a favorite niece, a young miss of fourteen, endowed with a striking musical talent. This morning, as I sat in my room, busily engaged with my needle, the tones of the piano came up to me from the parlor below, the skillful fingers of my favorite evoking from the keys of the instrument a sweet little melody—simple, beautiful, touching—a song, indeed, though without words. It was one of Mendelssohn's. My sewing fell to my lap, unheeded, and the spring sunshine, and the lovely song together soon wrapt me in a most delicious reverie. Presently the music ceased for a few moments. Then it began again—a few chords lightly touched, followed by the first strain of an old familiar tune. In an instant I was a child again, seated in the straight-backed pew in the old country church. With me, father, mother, brothers, sisters. About me the faces of friends, many of them long since passed away from earth. In the sacred desk, a silver-haired old man—already for more than half a century the minister of spiritual things to the people of his congregation now before him, and still the heart of the old man cleaves to his chosen flock, and he cannot give them up. Half blind with age, long since he ceased to use hymn-book, Bible, or sermon notes in the pulpit. Now, as I see him on this bright summer afternoon, he rises to give to choir and congregation the closing hymn. His voice falls upon my childhood's ear tremulous with age—yet clear and strong with faith and hope—as though, standing on the verge of this earthly land, he could look over and beyond into the clear and heavenly; and to my

child-heart he seems a glorified saint already away far up in Heaven, with little need to repeat so longingly, the words—

"I would not live away—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
"I would not live away—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom.
There, sweet be my rest till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies."

It was the last hymn the dear old pastor ever gave forth to the waiting congregation from the sacred desk. Ere another Sabbath he had joined the bright choirs, where

"The anthems of rapture unceasingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

All this sweet vision flashed across my memory in an instant, ere the first strain of the music was completed. Then, like a dash of cold water to my soul came a sprinkle of flippant notes from the piano, breaking up the sweet, rich old melody, and ruthlessly scattering it to the four winds of Heaven. At first I thought it a caprice of the child, though it hardly seemed as though she would so wantonly trifle with a sacred hymn. Finally, I became convinced that she was playing a piece of music as it was written before her. As nearly as I can recall it the effect was thus—

"I would not live away—high diddly, diddly, diddly
dee,
Where storm after storm rises diddly, diddly, diddly
dee,
The few diddly, diddly, diddle, diddle, that dawn
diddly dee,
Are enough for life's diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle,
full enough for its diddle dee dee."

Do you wonder, Uncle Grumbler, that after listening to some two or three pages of such sacrilegious twaddle, I gathered up my work and descended to the parlor, unable to endure it longer? Are you surprised to learn that upon looking over my niece's music, I found no less than six sacred songs travestied in the same manner, and that full one-fifth part of her instrumental music consisted of those same miserable musical parodies? You should have seen with what innocent wonder she listened to my objections, and how frankly she confessed—"Why, aunty, I never thought of trifling with serious things. Now you speak of it, I don't think it does seem quite right. I never shall play them any more."

Do you not see, my dear "Grumbler," how unconsciously the youthful mind receives an impress? Do you not see that "our girls" may be taught frivolity without knowing it? Do you not see that in so far as I have written, men—musical composers—are to blame? But you may not see it as I do. We all wear different glasses to view life through, and the pair I wear are very old-fashioned, and the property of AN OLD MAID.

AMUSEMENTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

LAST MONTH we gave a number of games for the entertainment of very young people, as the weather grows warmer and they can escape from the house to the lawn and the garden. Now the flowers are beginning to come, and a new source of amusement is found—plaiting wreaths and making flower dolls. Did you ever make daisy chains?

Gather the daisies with long stems; make a loop in a stem; put the head of another daisy through it, and then tighten the loop so as to hold the daisy; or push the stem through the daisy's "eye or flower," and thus unite them.

Daisy means "day's eye," because it opens when the sun rises, and shuts up or goes to sleep when he sets.

I wonder if any country boy or girl does not know how to make dandelion chains. You must gather a great many dandelions, and nip off their flowers. You will find that the stem is hollow, and that one end of it is smaller than the other. Push the small end into the larger end of the stem or tube, and you will have a green ring any size you please to make it. Then put another stem through the ring, and join it by pushing the narrow end into the wide one again. When it is long enough you can hang it around your neck or use it as a decoration for your May-queen. Chains of leaves are very lovely, and make pretty ornaments. I dare say if your elder sisters were helping to deck the school-rooms for a school-feast, they would be very glad if your little fingers could make them some of these chains. This is the way to do them: Gather your leaves with long stems. Put the stem of one leaf through the top of the other, and pass it back underneath through its own leaf.

I think a firmer way to make leaf-chains is this: Take a leaf of chestnut or oak with good, strong stem. Double it up and stick the stem back through itself. Then take another leaf and push its stem through the first leaf from the under side. Double it back and push its stem through itself and so continue. This makes a very firm wreath, though perhaps not as handsome as the other.

Little German children make dolls of flowers. Hollyhocks make very nice dolls—the single ones I mean. In some flowers, after taking off all the colored leaves, you will find a round or oval-shaped, green or purple seed-cup. This does very well for a doll's head. Take the leaf of a scarlet poppy, or any other large leaf you please, and fasten it (or several of them) with the fibre of a leaf round the "Lady's" waist, thus making her a handsome, full skirt. Then gather part of the calyx or green cup of the carnation or poppy, and make her a cloak, and she will be a very pretty flower-maiden.

Very pretty things can be made with rushes. Once when we were out gathering strawberries we

had not enough baskets to carry home all the berries we found, so some one proposed to make a rush-basket. It answered the purpose very nicely, and lasted for a plaything for a long time.

To make a rush-basket you must have some long rushes. Plait three of them together and tie your plait into a ring or good-sized circle. This is the top of the basket. Then take a long rush; put it half through the plait, and bend it over exactly in the middle. Go on doing this with more rushes all round the ring, which will be the edge of your basket. Then take three more very long rushes; leave as much at the end of each as would be equal to the length of those hanging from the ring, and begin *there* to plait your handle, leaving ends of the same length when it is finished. Pass those ends through the ring, opposite to each other, as far as the plait. Then take *all* the loose ends, and bind them tightly together with a strong rush, thus forming the bottom of your basket.

You can make pretty rush and flower-wreaths, also. Plait four rushes together, keeping your plait very much apart. Then twine flowers in and out of the little open spaces—blue-bells, wood anemones, buttercups, or the little yellow arnica (which you must take care not to put in your mouth, because it is poison). Tie the ends of the wreath together, and cover the fastening with drooping ferns or long trails of the bindweed.

There is no end to the amusement which little people may find out of doors, and the more time they spend out in the open air and sunshine the better for their tempers now—the better men and women they will make hereafter.

MOTHER.

THE STORY OF A VASE.

THE favorite and graceful subject of "the doves drinking" is constantly seen reproduced, not only in alabaster and marble ornaments brought from Florence, but in mosaics and cameos from Venice, Rome, and other places in Italy. The original is in one of the rooms on the upper floor of the Museum of the Capitol in Rome, which room is named from it "The hall of the doves." The celebrated doves of Pliny is one of the finest and most perfectly preserved specimens of ancient mosaic. It represents four doves drinking (with a beautiful border surrounding the composition in the original), and is formed of natural stones, so small that 160 pieces are contained in a square inch. It is called Pliny's doves, because it is supposed to be the very mosaic by Sosus, described by Pliny as a proof of the perfection to which that art had reached in his day. He says: "There is at Pergamos a wonderful specimen of a dove drinking, and darkening the water with the shadow of her head; on the lip of the vessel others are pluming themselves." It was found in Villa Adriana, in 1737, by Cardinal Furietti, from whom it was purchased by Clement XIII.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

IN a recent journal we find the following pleasant gossip concerning engagement rings.

"If we admit its authenticity, the most remarkable engagement ring now in existence is undoubtedly that which continues to receive unbounded veneration in the Cathedral of Perugia, about eighty miles from the city of Rome. This reli is bravely affirmed to be the very ring which Joseph gave to the Virgin Mary! An able contributor to a London magazine tells us that it is made of one whole stone—a green jasper, hollowed out—itself forming both hoop and bezel, unalloyed with any metal. The device cut upon it is obscure, although the fondly credulous can trace in it the features of the Psalmist of Israel—the royal ancestor of the Virgin.

"At the period of the Reformation, the engagement rings of the more opulent members of society frequently contained rubies—emblamatic of 'exalted love'—set round with diamonds, indicative of 'duration.' Than this none other could be more appropriate, and of such was that Martin Luther presented to his betrothed.

"Although generally understood as tokens of affection, rings were frequently given with very different sentiments. Photius relates that a man, who had become tired of his wife, presented her with a ring of divorce; having placed it on her finger, he adds (which is much to the lady's credit) that she received it with the same docile obedience with which she had formerly accepted her wedding ring.

"On searching the classics, we find that Greek sentimentalism first gave mystic significance to rings, as they engraved upon them legends or mottoes typical of love and devotion. From Juvenal we learn that—at least during the Roman Empire—the man put a ring on the finger of his betrothed, as a pledge of his fidelity.

"Readers of English history may remember the story which connected the death of the Earl of Essex with a ring given to him by that old coquette, Queen Elizabeth, who engaged that, when it should be sent to her as a sign of his being in trouble, she would protect him. The ring was really sent by Essex when under sentence of death, but was intercepted by the Countess of Nottingham, who, on her death-bed, divulged the secret to her royal mistress, who declared that, 'although God might forgive her, she never could!'

DRIED FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

WITH a little painstaking flowers and leaves may be preserved in their natural colors. Preserving the color of flowers when drying the greatest care is required in changing the papers every second day, which papers first ought to be well dried at the fire. With regard to keeping the

shape of flowers, the utmost care and attention is necessary when arranging them on the paper, and which can be done by having another piece of paper, and gently laying on part of the flower. The part of flower so covered with the paper ought to have a small book placed on it. Then begin and lay out the other leaves of flower, and also press it, and so on, until each part has had the gentle pressure necessary to keep it in position. Let them remain so for a short time, and then put some heavy weight on them; look at them next day, and change the damp paper. Ferns I have kept for years quite fresh in color by this simple mode of drying.

H.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is flirtation like plate powder? Because it rubs up the spoons.
2. Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.
3. Why is a carpenter always uglier than other men? Because he is a deal planer.
4. What author uses the most uncommon words? The compiler of a dictionary.
5. Why is fashionable society like a warming pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.
6. What perfume is most injurious to female beauty? The essence of thyme.
7. What tree of three letters may be spelled with one? The Yew.
8. Why is a parish bell like a good story? Because it is often toll'd.
9. What word is that composed of five letters from which if you take two, one remains? Stone.
10. Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.
11. Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail? Because it is farthest from the bark.
12. What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children? Parents.
13. Why are potatoes and wheat like the idols of old? Because they have eyes, and see not; ears have they, and hear not.
14. What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs.
15. Why does a sailor know that there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.
16. Which is the most celestial part of the British Empire? The Isle of Skye.
17. Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Because he was first in the human race.
18. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken, and his locks are few.
19. What people can never live long, nor wear great coats? Dwarfs.
20. Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there's not a single person in it.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

DORA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, be-
HIMSELF

He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said: "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty, too, beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said: "You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to 't;
Consider, William; take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack
And nevermore darken my doors again!"
But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change."

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,

And for your sake the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that, when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it on his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? what are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child."
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother: therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
And if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
"O, father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well;
O, sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me.
I had been patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room,
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have kill'd my
son!"

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

POPPING CORN.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

WE were popping corn,
Sweet Kitty and I;
It danced about,
And it danced up high.
The embers were hot
In their fiery light,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.
White and beautiful,
Crimped and curled,
The prettiest fairy dance
In the world!
The embers were hot
In their fiery light,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.

Ah, many a time are the embers hot,
And the human spirit can brook it not,
Yet forth from the fervent, fiery light
Cometh transform'd and enrob'd in white.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

BY ELLEN GATES.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When, neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will fold be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands!

NEARER HOME.

BY PHÆBE CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before:
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea:

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.
Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

QUEEN CAKES.—Mix a pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar, and of washed clean currants. Wash a pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, and bake the batter in, filling only half. Sift a little fine sugar over, just as you put it into the oven.

RICH BUNS.—Mix one pound and a half of dried flour with half a pound of sugar; melt a pound and two ounces of butter in a little warm water; add six spoonfuls of rose-water, and knead the above into a light dough, with half a pint of yeast; then mix five ounces of caraway comfits in, and put some on them.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs very well; put them into a stewpan, with half a pound of sugar, pounded fine, the same quantity of butter, and some nutmeg, grated. Set it on the fire, and keep stirring it till it thickens. Then set it in a basin to cool; put a rich puff paste round the edge of the dish; pour in your pudding, and bake it in a moderate oven. It will eat light and clear. You may add candied orange, or citron if preferred.

AN EXCELLENT LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it to take the essence; then peel and beat it in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, and mix all with four or five ounces of butter warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served, turn the pudding out of the dish.

ORANGE CHEESECAKES.—When you have blanched half a pound of almonds, beat them very fine, with orange-flower water, and half a pound of fine sugar, beaten and sifted, a pound of butter that has been melted carefully without oiling, and which must be nearly cold before using it; then beat the yolks of ten and whites of four eggs; pound two candied oranges, and a fresh one with the bitterness boiled out, in a mortar till as tender as marmalade, without any lumps; and beat the whole together, and put into patty-pans.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—One quart of milk, twelve ounces of butter, half ounce mixed spice, two eggs, two ounces of German yeast, four pounds of flour. Make the milk slightly warm, put it into a pan with one-half of the sugar, six ounces of the flour, the yeast and eggs. Mix the whole together, cover the

pan and put it into a warm place. When this ferment has risen with a high frothy head, and again fallen and become nearly flat, it is then ready for the remaining portion of the ingredients to be mixed with it. The butter should be previously rubbed in with the flour between the hands in crumbs. Mix the whole together into a nice mellow dough. If the flour is not the best, some more may be required to make the dough of the proper consistence. Cover the pan and let it remain in a warm place for half an hour. Make it into buns by moulding the dough lightly into small buns, half prove them, and then cross them. Brush the tops over with milk, finish proving them, and bake in a hot oven. When they are done, brush the tops over again with milk. The best way for amateurs to adopt for proving their buns is to put the tins on shelves in a warm toasting screen before the fire, place a pan of hot water at the bottom, put a heated iron or brick into the water occasionally, to cause a steam to ascend, which will keep the surface of the buns moist, when they will expand to their full size.

EXCELLENT CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham, cut up one or two chickens, and broil or parboil them. Fill the dish even full, sprinkling in here and there small slices of ham, and pieces of egg cracker. Season well with pepper; the ham will probably make it salt enough. Cover with stock or veal gravy, and lay on a rich crust, at least half an inch thick, with a rim upon the edge. Bake in a moderate oven an hour and a half, covering the paste with paper, if necessary, to prevent burning.

RHUBARB JAM.—It is best made in June, when the rhubarb is no longer young. Take ten pounds of large-sized rhubarb and cut it up, add to it one pound of candied peel, viz., citron, lemon and orange, shred, and also the rind of two large, fresh lemons, chopped fine, one pound of sugar to the same weight of fruit, and boil like other preserve.

GREASE SPOTS.—Mix powdered French chalk with lavender water to the thickness of mustard. Put it on the stain, and rub it gently with the finger or palm of the hand. Put a sheet of clean blotting paper and brown paper over it, and smooth it with a warm iron. When dry, the chalk must be removed, and the silk gently dusted with a white handkerchief. If a faint mark still remains, a second application of French chalk and lavender water will generally remove it. If the wax has fallen thickly on the silk, it will be better to remove it first very carefully with a penknife.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

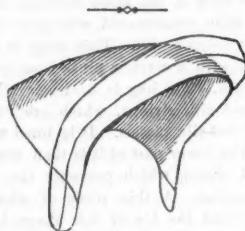
FASHIONS.

Everything in the way of round hats may be said to be "the fashion." There seems to be a general revival this spring of all the styles that have been in vogue during the last ten years. Among these we notice the peaked crowns again conspicuous, and brims turned up and brims turned down seem to be about equally in favor. Speaking of colored lace one of our fashion journals says: "This new and pretty trimming forms quite an important part of the decoration of spring toilets. Spring bonnets are especially very much ornamented with it, and it is also beautifully applied to little jackets, to white morning dresses, and white toilets generally. The new lace generally goes under the name of colored guipure, and is of different widths. It has a heading, which forms a narrow insertion, through which ribbon, velvet, or chenille can be run."

Sacques for outside garments are still popular. They are shaped diversely, the most stylish at present, being fitted pretty closely at the back. There does not seem to be many new materials in dress goods. Nothing very strikingly in favor. The velveteen suits in light colors are still worn, though it is late in the spring. But they look warm and must soon give way to lighter, cooler fabrics—poplins, winseys, etc. Of bonnets we give the newest shapes. They do not promise much to the milliners as yet.

Dresses are still gored. Many toilets for afternoon visiting have been recently made à *paniers*, and are intended to be worn without a shadow of erinoline. They are made with a double skirt; the upper one is bordered with a deep flounce, and is looped up very high, while the second skirt is cut with an immensely long train. This trained skirt is cut short enough in front to allow the boots being seen.

Skirts, as a rule, are made very plain, and the sashes are wide, the ends terminating with a fringe unravelled out of the material itself. Plain as the dresses are, a very skilful dressmaker is required to make them, for the cut of the bodice should be perfect, as there is no trimming to conceal an ill fit.



Tulle frame with coronet front and Fanchon back.

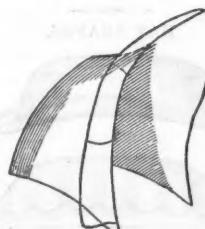
SERVETTE RING.

PERFORATED CARD.



Some blue sarsenet of a bright color, narrow blue ribbon to match, a skein of blue sewing silk, a strip of perforated cardboard, and another of cardboard are the materials required for making this serviette ring. A ring of cardboard is first formed, and this is covered neatly both outside and inside with blue sarsenet, and bound with blue ribbon. Three strips of perforated card are then cut—in the model the centre is white, and the edges cream color—but if colored perforated card cannot be procured, then all three strips must be white.

The centre strip, which is the widest, is placed on a board and cut out according to the illustration with a sharp penknife, and the strip is sewn upon the ring with blue sewing silk. The edgings are not cut, but worked in cross-stitch in a lace-like pattern, with blue silk. The outer edges are strengthened by working them over with blue silk.



Tulle bonnet frame with a flat tip, and wings springing from the sides; sloping crown.

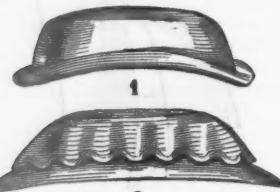


A very elegant mode for silk and rich poplin, cut in the usual coat shape, and ornamented with two widths of satin cut on the bias, and, beyond this, fine *passementerie* set on in curves, with a cut jet at each joining.



A pretty style for poplins and mohair; plain front and cuff, the outer edge cut in large curves, and sewn flat upon a full back, which is gathered in at the top and bottom. Both sides are alike; it is trimmed with ribbon, velvet or gimp, in two widths, and covered buttons.

HAT SHAPES.



No. 1.—The Henrietta; a girl's hat of fine Milan braid, with oval crown, and brim curled all round.

No. 2.—The Venice; a girl's hat of pedal braid, sloping brim, crown descending in fluted scallops.



3



4

No. 3.—Child's croquet hat; a turban of straw with scalloped brim, and crown slightly peaked.

No. 4.—The Grecian; a high felt with low oval crown, sloping into a narrow flat brim.

LADY'S CAP BAG.



This bag is made of white cashmere, and trimmed with a strip of the same material one and a half inch wide, ornamented with *point russe* embroidery in colored silk. This strip is edged on either side with a narrow pinked-out quilling of red *glace* silk. The bag is drawn together at the top with red silk strings, which are finished off with small red silk tassels. It is lined with white muslin. The lower part of it is then sewn over a pasteboard shape, which prevents the cap from being crumpled. A thin piece of whalebone is sewn on round the top of this shape to make it firmer. It is lined with red silk or fine glazed calico, and bound with ribbon round the edge, over the whalebone.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

There is no subject of more tender interest—none that touches the heart more deeply—none that awakens a more earnest desire to penetrate “the veil,” than the one considered in this volume, which comes to us in all the inviting attractions of a most exquisite typography.

The difference between this book, and those on the same theme that have preceded it, is as the difference between fancy and fact. They speculate—this professes to record. They tell us how it may be with our little ones who have gone before—this assumes to show us how it is with them. Dr. Holcombe is a believer in the writings of Swedenborg, and in his book describes the state of children in Heaven as Swedenborg describes it; writing all his chapters with the grace, beauty, and clear insight of a poet, as well as a close thinking philosopher.

We have seen it wrongly stated, that this volume was of the “spiritualistic” school. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and only a most superficial reader could possibly fall into such an error. Swedenborg is everywhere in direct opposition to modern spiritualism, and its vices and insanities; and this book, based on his writings, is wholly free from any taint of “medium folly.”

LIFE IN THE WEST. By N. C. Meeker. New York: *Samuel R. Wells.*

The author is agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, and a long residence in the West has furnished him the material sketches in this

volume. They are mostly, if not all, taken from real life, and many of them relate to incidents in the recent civil war. The book is interesting, though written in an odd, sententious style, with as short, simply constructed sentences as a child’s primer. Many of the stories contain fresh and lively thoughts, and all of them are real American pictures peculiar to the western wilds.

SABBATH-SCHOOL INDEX. By R. G. Pardee. Philadelphia: *J. C. Garrigues & Co.*

This book is really a “multum in parvo” so many subjects in connection with Sunday-school work are treated upon, each one of which could, of itself, be easily expanded into sufficient material for a volume as large as the one before us. The work is full of valuable hints to a Sunday-school teacher, showing well-approved plans for conducting Bible classes, general school exercises, individual classes and infant schools. Illustrations of the methods of teaching are given which are interesting and profitable. The whole is calculated to show that in the Sunday-school there should be *live* work. No shuffling, inattentive, indifferent lessons; but wide-awake, earnest, thoughtful teaching and study of the Word. All people interested in Sunday-schools will eagerly seek for the book, and all leave it with regret that it is not expanded into a volume fully as large again as this one.

MINNIE GRAY. By Rose Phillips. Philadelphia: *James S. Caxton.*

A very nice little story for girls, and suitable for Sunday-school libraries.

EDITORS’ DEPARTMENT.

TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

GRACE drew a heavy sigh and laid down her letter. “Oh dear!” she said, “Poor Hester is in trouble again.”

Grace never used adjectives unadvisedly; but I could not see how hers applied to the lady in question. She was a cousin of Grace’s, but I knew her as the wife of a most indulgent husband, a man who stood at the head of a prosperous commercial house, the mother of a beautiful boy and girl; a woman endowed with many personal and social charms, a general favorite in the choice circles amid which she moved; a woman, too, possessed of many interesting and noble traits of

character. Life had always flowed in such smooth currents for this woman that I could hardly have selected one more rarely favored by fortune; therefore, I asked, in a good deal of surprise—“Why do you call her ‘Poor Hester?’ She is the last woman in the world whom I should think that word would fit.”

But it did at the writing of this, for she has had another domestic rebellion, and cook and chambermaid have suddenly seceded.

“Another! You speak as if these rebellions were chronic in the household.”

“Well, that they are almost become so, I am compelled to admit. Either Hester has not the

art of managing servants, or else she is particularly unfortunate in those who fall to her lot."

"You and I have had our 'experiences,' Kitty; and we ought to have a large funded stock of charity for American housekeepers. The tale of the unworthiness and incapacity of servants is a prolific and pathetic one."

"And we hear it on every side. I am heartily sorry for Hester. She seems to have reached a climax of desperation, and avows her intention of either breaking up housekeeping and going abroad, or else taking rooms in some hotel, that Ultima Thule of so many despairing American housekeepers."

"Tell her not to be tempted of the devil in that shape," I adjured. "Give up the comfort, the independence, the sacredness of her home for a hotel with its gossip, its publicity, its wasteful incoherent life!"

"I know all that, Kitty; and nothing but desperate straits could have driven Hester into seizing this horn of the dilemma. But these insurrections wear upon her nerves and spirits, until almost any change seems grateful."

"A lady of intelligence and experience once remarked to a young married friend of mine, just about entering on her first year of housekeeping—'If you are a good mistress, you will have good servants; therefore, if I hear you have trouble with these, I shall have no sympathy with you.' Now that was certainly taking an extreme side, which you and I, Grace, well know was not altogether a true one, neither is it by any means wholly false. How many mistresses, who are the best of wives and mothers, the truest of friends, seem to change their whole natures in their relations with their domestics! I know women whose servant I would not be for all the world."

"I'm afraid—I say it reluctantly—that all the fault does not lie, in this case, at the door of the servants. Hester, with all her good qualities, and she is, in some respects, a generous and indulgent mistress, never seems to lose sight of the fact that her domestics are servants; she never regards them from the stand-point of their common humanity, womanhood. They are simply hirelings; and the very tones of her voice, her look, manner, instinctively exhibit this. Her children inherit the feeling. I have been pained and indignant at the arbitrary, half insolent manner in which that boy and girl, so sweet and well-bred amongst their equals, habitually address their servants.

"Now, no class is so low as not to have unerring instincts in this regard. Every Irish girl that ever entered under Hester's roof, knows that her elegant mistress hardly suspects her of possessing a feeling in common with herself. Then, Hester has grown into a state of chronic antipathy with the whole Celtic race; she believes every representative of it to be utterly ungrateful, faithless, treacherous; and that sooner or later, each will exhibit the moral taint which pervades the whole

nation. Her own experience has illustrated these qualities in those with whom she has dealt, until she has lost all confidence in Celtic word or honor.

"Now, you must have faith in people before you can have any influence over them, or any satisfactory relations with them. No doubt the Irish possess all those vices which races inferior from lack of culture and development, invariably exhibit. Carlyle calls them, you know, 'a nation of liars'; and terrible as the sarcasm seems, it is to a large degree just. That high sense of honor, that reverence for truth as the groundwork of all character that is worth anything is pitifully rare among the lower classes of the nation. That they are impulsive, unstable as water, and shamefully ungrateful is the common reprobation brought against this people, not without reason.

"There is Hester, for instance, her girls are well housed, luxuriously fed, and she is generous to a fault. She pays them the highest wages, and often lavishes more gifts upon her servants in a month than you or I could afford to in a year; yet, despite the large wages, the elegant home, the frequent gifts, her servants are the most migratory of that uncertain race. There is her sister Ellen, who married a young physician, with no fortune but his profession, and who, with twice Hester's number of children, can afford to keep but one servant, but that one has remained with her through thick and thin; has added to the labors of maid-of-all-work the cares of nurse, watcher and housekeeper when her mistress has been ill; and the girl has done all this on lower wages, and poorer fare, and fewer presents than ever fell to the lot of Hester's more highly favored, but vastly less loyal and contented servants.

"But in Ellen's household there is a certain bustling life, a broad, cheerful, hearty warmth, so dear to the susceptible Irish temperament. Then Ellen, too, though in many respects inferior to her brilliant and more forcible sister, never forgets that her domestic has a heart, soul, needs of her own, and always recognizes this. And I think this is the secret of her hold on the girl.

"But the tie may wear out. I have known such snap suddenly after long years of strain and tough wear. The restless nature, the hot temper getting the better of the warm Irish heart, and flashing out in insolence and defiance at last, and so there was nothing left but for mistress and maid to separate."

"I have often been struck, Grace," finding my turn had come now, "with the sort of talk which goes unrebuked among very sensible women. If I could only get hold of a girl who would stay at home, who would really take an interest in her work, and not receive any company, have any followers, I should ask nothing more."

"No doubt it would be very delightful to have a machine to do your work; but, after all, how selfish it is to demand anything of that sort. The kitchen is very likely to be silent and lonely; and

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the Irish are the most gregarious of peoples. The girl has her right to social life down there, just as much as you have in your parlor. No doubt her company is often inconvenient and disagreeable; it is always pleasanter to regard our own rights than other people's.

"Then, again, it never does to demand impossibilities. An Irish girl is landed on our shores from the deck of some emigrant ship. Think of the life she has led at home, digging potatoes in the fields by day, sleeping under a roof little better than a shed at night; she has heard of the El Dorado of little work and high wages which lies far across the blue seas, and her warm blood and her wild Irish imagination have taken fire, and in one way and another she has raised the money to pay her fare, and has come here to this vast Paradise of the West.

"It is a new world to her; but a world of hard work and stubborn facts. And here she is, coarse, uncouth, clumsy, with her untaught hands and untrained temper to make her way in the world. Surely there is something to be said for her. I know she will be a trial to the soul of the mistress over whose threshold she passes. There will be the broad Celtic tongue, ever nimble in excuses, heedless, whether these be false or true, so they serve the moment's need; there will be the shiftlessness, the indolence, the stupidity, that all come of unregulated lives and habits; there will be the restlessness, the eager desire for change, the childish craving for 'company and a good time,' and very probably but little sense of gratitude for time and care bestowed, and but little appreciation of what is for one's own real good; and there, too, will be the crashing of china, the muddy coffee, the soggy biscuit, the meat burned to a cinder, and all the mischiefs and miseries which do so torture the souls of American housekeepers in the first month of a girl, who is a fresh importation from Erin.

"Yet, time, patience and training may effect wonders, and the raw, awkward girl become at last an accomplished cook, a deft and tidy chambermaid. Only, it will not do to expect those fine instincts of honor and honesty which are partly an inheritance and partly the result of early education. Think of the moral atmosphere which your Irish girl drew with her first breath, think of the potato-fields and hovels of Ireland, and the wonder is, that in nine cases out of ten that she is where and what she is.

"Above all things, through all her lapses, do not lose faith in something better, if not in her, in her race. Terrible as falsehood and theft are, revolting to all our sturdy Anglo-Saxon instincts of truth and honesty, we must bear in mind the lower stand-point from which a cowed, poverty-stricken, and mentally and morally uncultured race regard these things. And a mistress who has no faith in her servants, who keeps every closet and drawer under lock and key, will be

certain to be overreached and cheated. The rule holds good here as everywhere; we must have faith in mankind and womankind, or they are lost to us as we are to them."

"That is true, Kitty; and here we are, as you say, with all our clearer light, our finer instincts, inherited and taught, and yet we have, each one of us, our tempers to control, our moods to manage, our faults to overcome. Even with the strong habits of a lifetime, whose tendency has been to confirm us in steadiness, dignity of character and self-control, we know how hard it is for us to carry ourselves in serenity, gentleness, steadfastness, through the days. And yet how many mistresses there are who indulge in tempers which they would not for a moment allow in their Irish girls. How little these seem to remember their servants are of the same blood as themselves, having the same wants, and weaknesses, and struggles; how hard, and cold, and unsympathetic is many a mistress who is held in the highest esteem for all virtue among her equals.

"I sympathize with American housekeepers most keenly in all they are obliged to encounter in the incompetency, shiftlessness, faithlessness, of a large portion of their domestics. The 'sluggish Celtic blood' is slow and hard to receive new ideas and habits, and yet on its capacity for improvement the peace, comfort, prosperity of our homes largely depend. But I sympathize, too, with the Irish girl, with her untaught soul, her warm Irish heart, her hot temper, her vague notions of right and wrong, her weak superstitions, her wild, impulsive nature, so often her own worst enemy, her hunger for change and excitement, her violent but superficial emotions, her weaknesses, her crudities and vices. There is a great deal to be said on the mistress's side, but there's another that is the girl's."

Dr. Ben came in just as I finished. "You don't know what you've lost," said Grace, gayly; "Kitty and I have been discussing the relative virtues of mistress and servant; and no doubt you would have been highly instructed and edified by our conclusions."

"No doubt; but, girls, it's so easy to preach with tongue and pen; but come to the practice—there's the rub."

Grace and I slept on that.

V. F. T.

VIOLETS.

(See *Engraving*.)

Coming through the square one morning in early spring we heard the chatter of childish voices not far away from us, and presently distinguished the quick eager words—"There, now—jump! he isn't looking." Turning about to find whence the sound proceeded, we discovered two or three ragged little children behind a bit of a shrub hiding away from a policeman while stretching out eager hands and making quick runs towards a

little bunch of blue violets which grew temptingly near the public walk. We watched them some time with amusement and interest. One by one they secured the coveted blossoms, and when we saw them last they were making an equal distribution of the prizes, outside the iron railing of the square. Poor, squalid little children! How, for their sakes, we envied the country boys and girls roaming at will through wide green fields and shady groves searching for spring flowers in the wild, free woodlands, with no one to molest or deny them.

"Picking the violets
Kissing their feet,
Out in the country,
Pleasant and sweet.
Roaming through meadows
Covered with dew;
Happier, children,
Than monarchs are you."

HUMBLE FRIENDS.

(See Engraving)

There seems to be some affinity between children and dumb animals—a friendship naturally existing. Even in the most unpromising of beasts little children will often find a great deal that is interesting and calls forth attachment. While animals themselves will receive kindly more harsh treatment from a thoughtless little child than they would suffer from the hands of an older person. Most people find donkeys very stupid and uninteresting; but our little friends in the picture evidently regard their pets with no ordinary degree of interest.

CAREFULLY compiled statistics show "that sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States; one hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink; two hundred thousand children are sent to the poor-house; three hundred murders are committed; four hundred suicides; two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed to private or public charity; two hundred million dollars are spent to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost from the same cause."

THE BEST OF OOLONG.—The Oolong Tea which The Great American Tea Company supplies to its innumerable patrons, is of a quality which can hardly fail to gratify the taste of the most delicate connoisseurs in the fine art of selecting the finest Teas. We can testify that there is good cheer of temper and word around the board made aromatic by the delightful fragrance of this superlative Oolong. If, curiously, any were to inquire why the spirits of some people are crabbed and sour, it would probably be found that they were not drinking the Oolong of The Great American Tea Company.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Specimen numbers 10 cents.

The Sunday-School Times says of "The CHILDREN'S HOUR": "It is difficult for us to characterize this little monthly as highly as its merits deserve. If the simple desire could accomplish it, we would have it in every child's home in the land."

The National Intelligencer says: "This radiant little monthly never makes its appearance upon our table without provoking emotions of thankfulness in our heart in behalf of the little ones, to the authors and finishers of this indescribably sweet and graceful little visitant. It is pretty, simple, and high; written in pure English, embellished with the utmost charms, and in all respects a thing of beauty."

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Subscribers to the Home Magazine can have The Children's Hour for \$1 a year.

The Hon. Charles Buxton, of London, says:
"It is intoxication that fills our jails. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums. It is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England."

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A KING'S DAUGHTER.



VAN INCEN-SNYDER

PLAYING SCHOOL.

(317)



No. 1.—ADRIENNE DRESS.—Pearl-colored silk poplin with trained skirt and low body; the front, sleeves and neck are ornamented with narrow cross-cut folds of Mexican blue silk stitched through the centre, across the ends, shoulders, and curved section describing an apron; thick tasseled blue silk fringe with pearl heading.

No. 2.—MARSIGNE DRESS.—Bismarck *faille* underskirt, encircled with a vine of leaves in the same material bound with satin. *Princesse* overdress, fastened in the back; the front is cut in one piece; the side and back widths are set on full in French gathers with a sash covering the joining inserted at the seams, the wide ends being finished with knotted fringe; a ribbed satin piping forms *bretelles* upon the body, back and front, descends the skirt, festooning it at the bottom, and terminating in three loops and rich tassels. Pompadour neck, outlined with piping and point applique.



No. 1.—Walking-suit of striped cambric or organdie; underskirt ruffled at the bottom, and overskirt festooned with knots of colored ribbon; shirred yoke upon the waist, outlined with a ruffle, coat sleeve, sleeveless sack encircled with a ruffle.

No. 2.—A pretty style for morning toilet at home, or for shopping jaunts. The skirt is printed in one piece to simulate two; the upper part, sleeves and body white sprinkled with black spots, cotton striped with brown and buff, and the design in the scallops in imitation of black lace.

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CHILDREN'S SUITS.



No. 1.



No. 2.—LETTIE SUIT.

No. 1.—Rose-colored *glacé* with pinked-out ruffles around the bottom and sleeves; overdress of white grenadine, composed of a gored skirt and bretelles; front width curved and the remainder pointed and gathered up about three inches upon the forward edges. Trimming of silk ruffles, piping and rosettes. This is a party dress for a little girl about seven to nine years old. It requires ten yards of silk and two yards of grenadine.

No. 2.—Salmon-colored cashmere dress and sack, appropriate for a child seven years old; trimming composed of serpentine folds of Havana brown silk, one wide and two narrow, stitched on; the dress body is plaited to a square yoke, and has coat sleeves.



No. 3.—BONNIE APRON.



No. 4.—ANNAMARY DRESS.

No. 3.—White *brillante* bordered with colored braid and Coventry ruffling; it is seamed upon the shoulders only; broad straps cross in the back and are brought around the waist to button upon the front.

No. 4.—Ashes-of-roses mohair with points in blue alpaca braid, a wide row with narrow upon each side around the bottom; this is also carried up the sides and sleeves with little steel buttons upon the inner points; curved pocket formed in front and a short pointed basque, in the back attached to the belt.

For a child eight to ten years, five yards of mohair, twelve yards of wide and twenty-four yards of narrow braid.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

"PIFF, PAFF, POUFF."

QUICK STEP.

FROM LA GRAND DUCHESSE GEROLSTEIN.
BY E. MACK.

PIANO.

(320)





Dress of lilac silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with one flounce, which is deeper in front than back; it is headed by cross-cut bands of satin. The waist is cut like a jacket, with three points in back; the sides extend down, forming sash ends, and is trimmed with satin. The sash at the back is gathered and fastened by three bows, the ends finished by a chenille fringe. Bonnet of white chif, trimmed with black lace and violets.